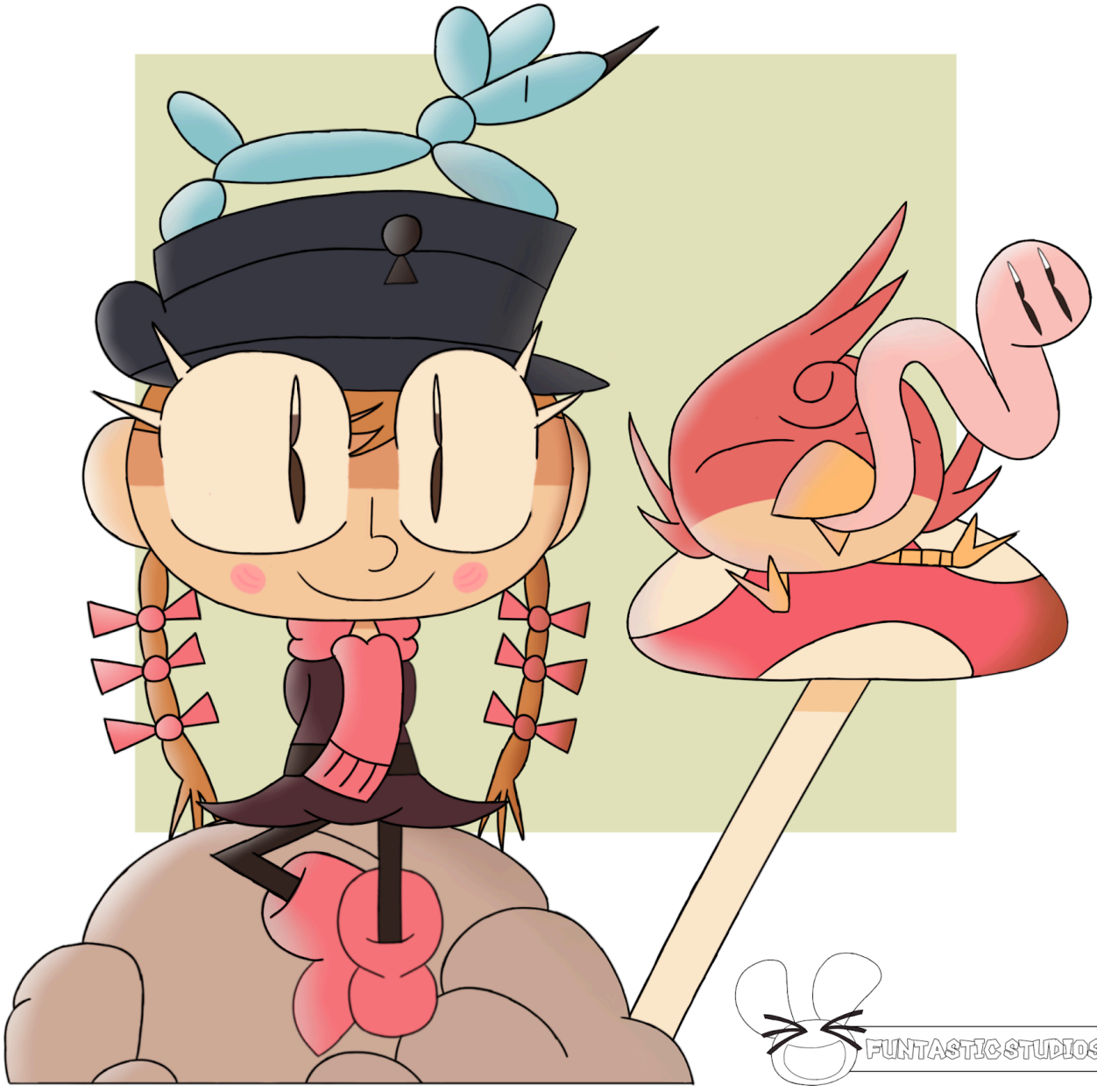
Ivan

Cocofolk

and the Mushroom Hourglass



FUNTASTIC STUDIOS

TO EVERYONE'S WHO FUNTASTIC

#01

“Get home before time gets to you!” She said, while the autumn leaves started to fall from maple trees, they were blown against the wind as they left to unclear snowy mountains. The skies weren't bright blue. Dark to match with the night's twilight. As I traveled to this to find the destination, I began to notice a series of droplets pourin’ that everytime I looked away back.

The closest cabinet was by the local windmill, which wasn’t too far away from these puddles. I couldn’t help but want to make a splash. The more fun the merrier, as they say.. The leaves are warm company to have here, next to the vivid animal-shaped lantern I carry with me, to shake off uneven hopes. To enlighten my whereabouts, I imagined the lantern was really alive.

#02

The closest cabinet from home was near the local windmill, not too far from these puddles of a separated river. I couldn't help but make a splash with any kind of 'em. The more fun the merrier, as they say. Colorless mush between wooden trees and dark water splashes, The leaves are warm company to have here next to the water. I'll admit, I'm not the best at it.

By the time I reached the rock-solid cabin, the owner was asleep. A knock later, and nobody bothered to show up, so I decided to sneak via the right window. I pondered the family room, but I didn't want to interpret the peace of spread across the sofa. I saw a tasty full-sized pumpkin pie with a glass of lovely orange juice, but I had my fill of dessert from dinner by then.

#03

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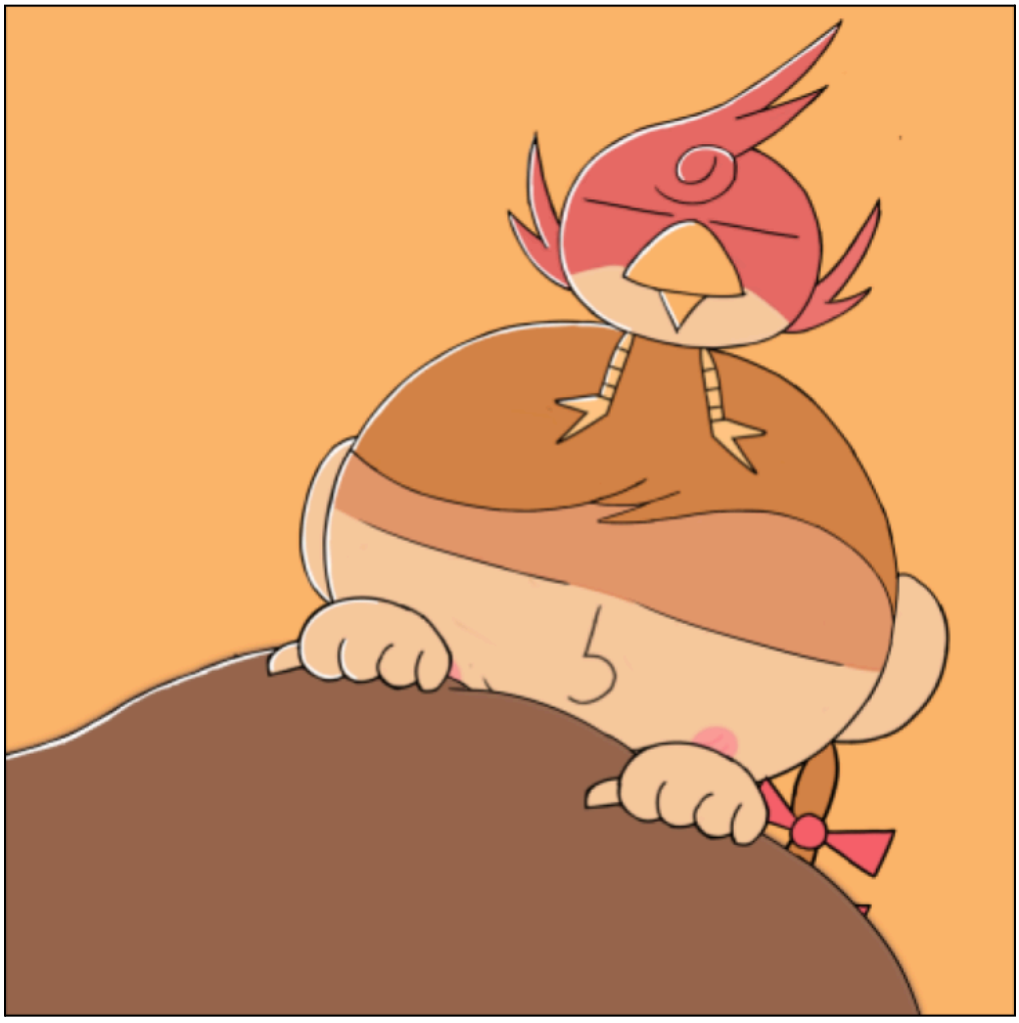
#04

When I tried to awaken from slumber, the bed was so cozy that I didn't want to leave. I felt I was a caterpillar on a branch, barely able to move past the first stage of life. My pigtails were perfect. My hair was an inch closer from gettin' picked by birds. Then I remembered it wasn't any regular bird who wanted to be on my forehead. It was the wonderful Carmine!



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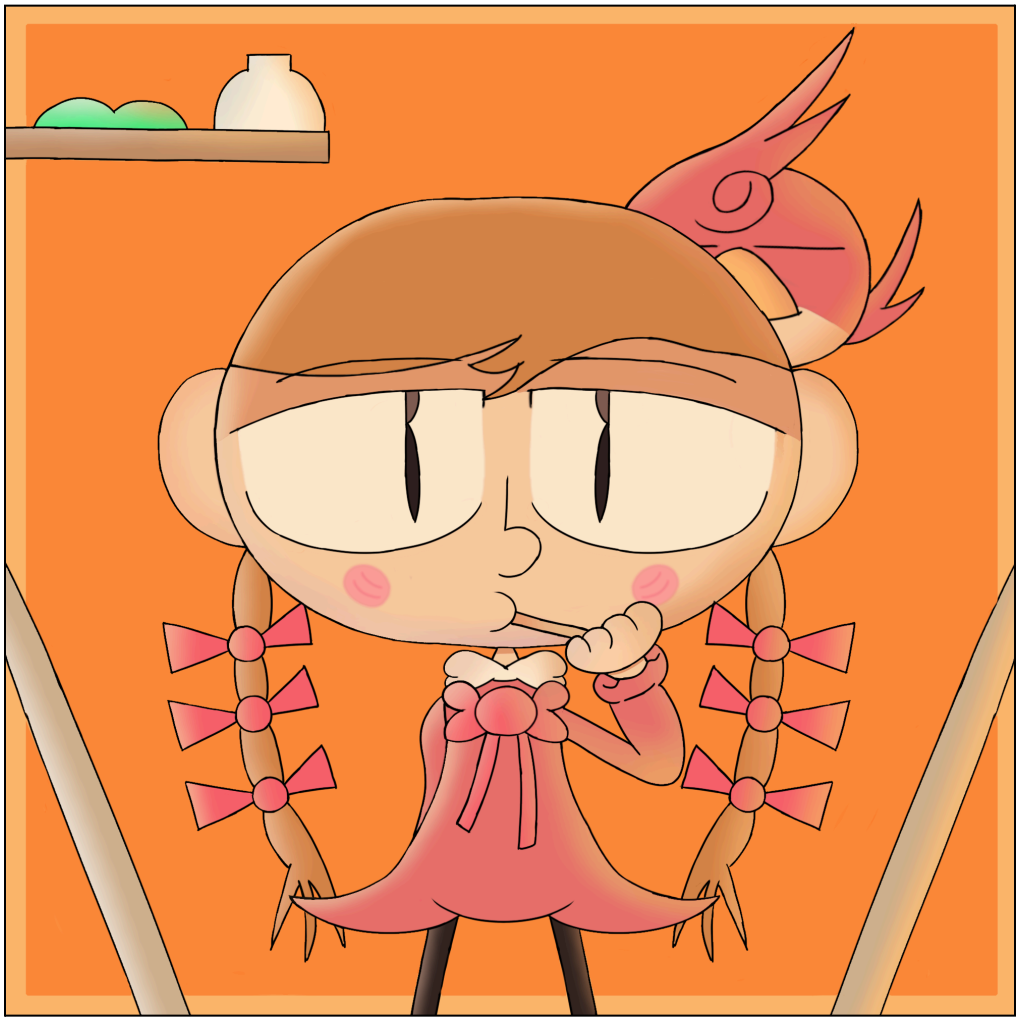
#05

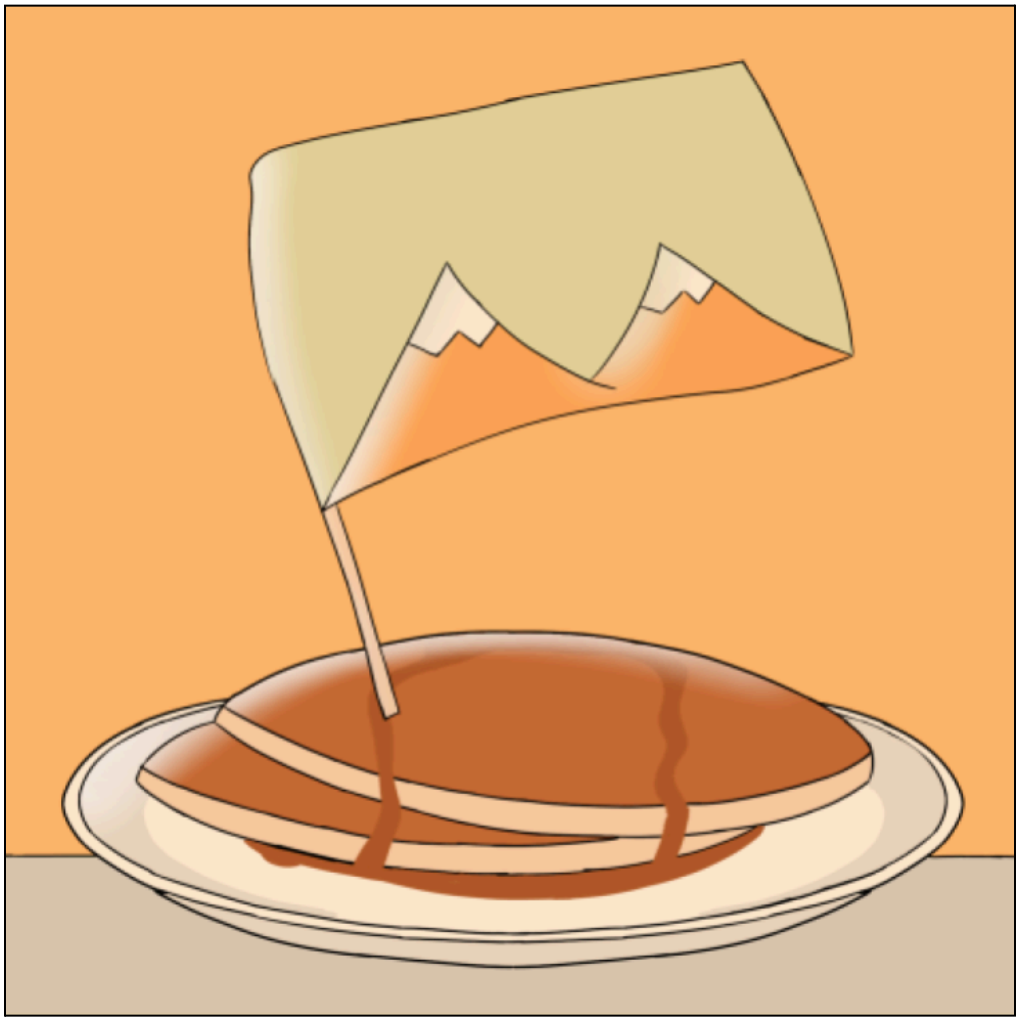
Brushin’ my teeth, Carmine insisted that he wanted insects and berries, either from a town garden or cottage. I wanted oak pancakes. As I cleaned out my teeth, with this wooden stick, my saliva was as constantly shiny as the mirrors ‘emselves. Right as I heard the shufflin’ of knives in the kitchen. I wanted to know what my grandmother was makin’ for breakfast.



Oaked syrup pancakes, as well as orange juice. Just for you,” She spoke in a soft voice to me across the water closet, as I heard the sounds on the table mingle and intermix. The eatin’ utensil I’ve been most afraid of is a knife. I’m content with usin’ forks or spoons, but a knife is a spooky monster should it be used wrong. For butter’s sake, it shall only be for splendid butter.

#06

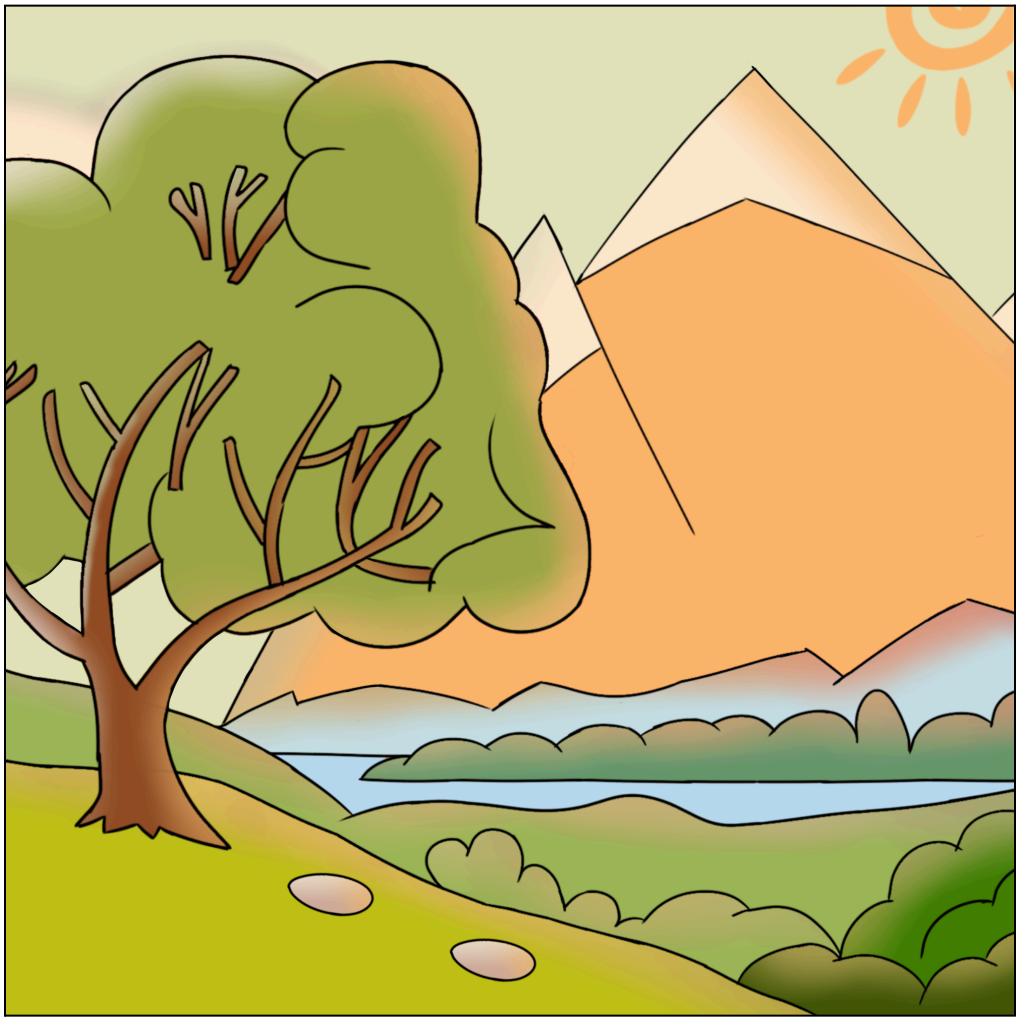
The pancakes were nothin' special to what I've seen before, but they were sweet and pleasant. The orange juice was more organic than the last time, but it was nice. The apple juice from the other day was as good as an apple from the trees, while banana juice was prohibited from here. My grandma thought it was too ridiculous of a juice to be served for breakfast meals..



"What will you do today? My grandma, Rosechino, humored about in laughs. "I'm goin' to the wide woods and the town's center," I replied in a flash, but she thought I was thinkin' of a sweet heart of endless clouds, moons, suns, and stars. Her big laughs went unnoticed, as her eyes closed to the tune of the music from the livin' room, as slow as a turtle speakin' to me outdoors.

#07

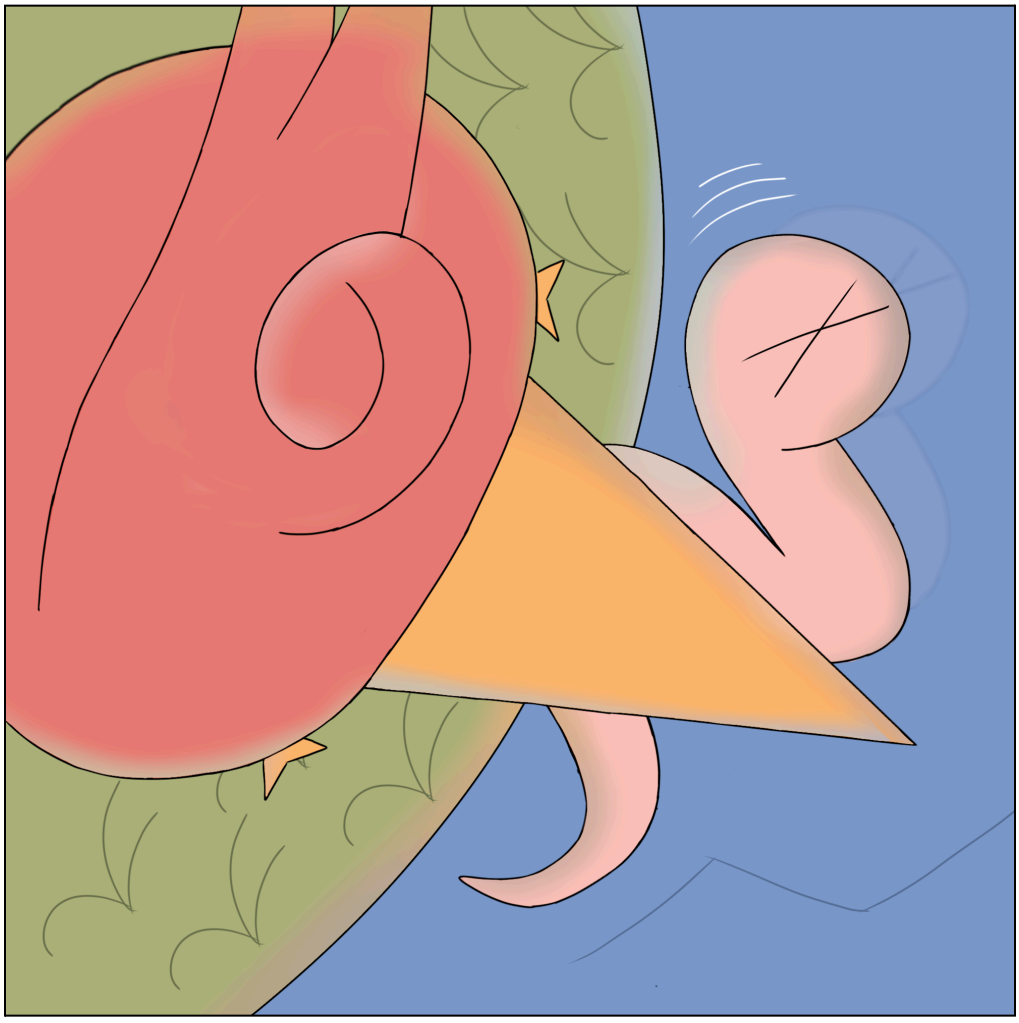
“Just don’t meet any nincompoops,” She spoke, right as I was finishin’ my meal. “Until the night falls. Is that fine?” I said as I answered back to her even concerns, but by then, she fell asleep on her chair near her small library that stood versus the bluefire, but not before she gave me a kiss on the cheek, rockin’ in her chair composed of wood from the forest trees up north.



As always, the sun was a delight. I would’ve liked a little more pancakes before I had to go, but I was content with it. Before headin’ to see what the town offered, I visited the wonders of this forest river. It was enticin’ magic of extraordinary warm blu. Anytime I thought to touch it with one finger, I would feel as much warmth as a cozy blanket bed with powder and sugar.

#08

“Why don’t you take a worm, Carmine?” I asked him, right as he wanted to fly away to the dazzles of nonstop water. I thought of a way to lure him was to tell him a worm was inside the water, but not show, to keep it a mysterious surprise. He didn’t think twice before he decided to peck through each amount of water he could to discover where this elusive warm was near by.



I thought it was humor he couldn’t get, but to my delight, he found one. An aquatic worm, with a pink body. I vouched to feel waves brought to life. When Carmine ate it all up, his mouth was splashin’ with spacious droplets. In the meantime, I sought out to listen to splashes of sounds. It was as elegant as a tea party north of the nearest party mansion out of town with cake.

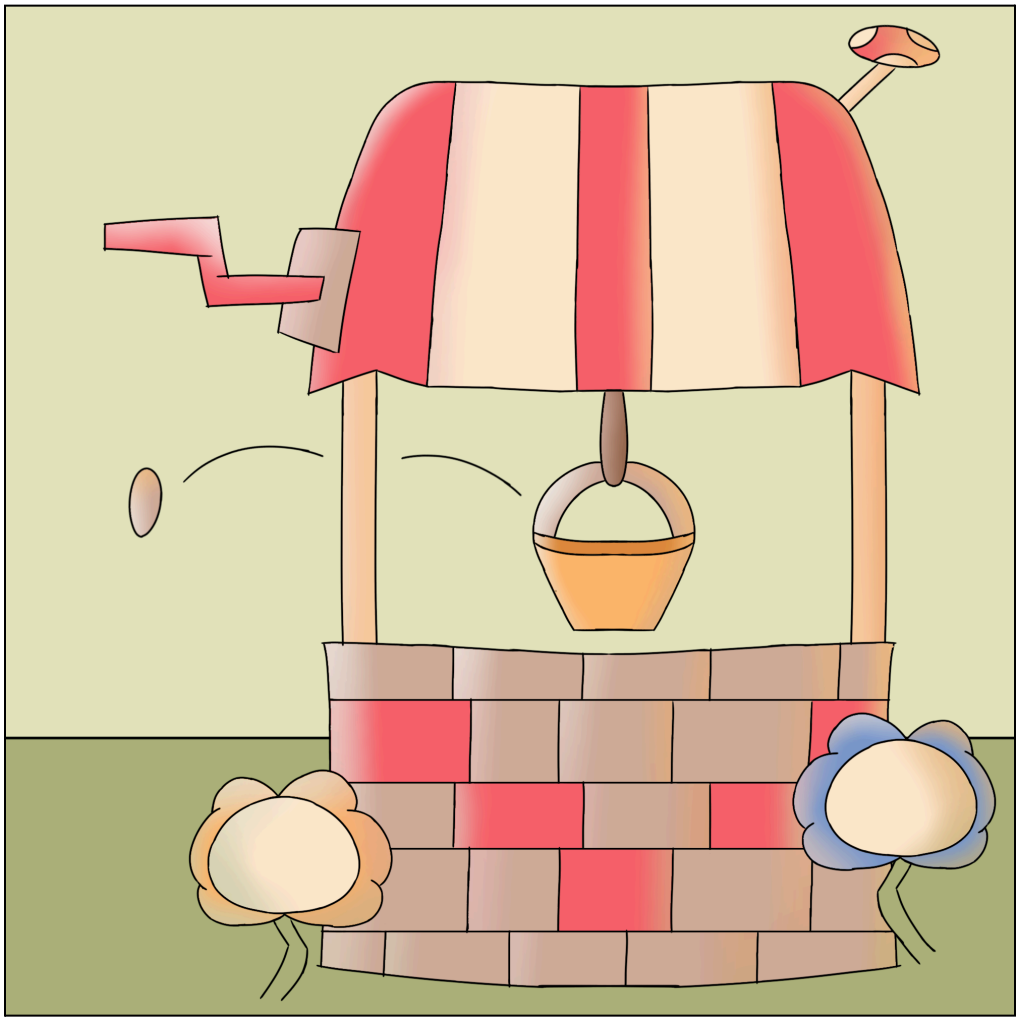
#09

I decided to throw a few pebbles between me and him, to see who had better aim. I picked up the rocks that would be the heaviest, while I envisioned him to go for rocks that would be the lightest. It was a pickle to see which were heavy and which weren't, but the larger I discovered, the more I believed they were for me. For Carmine, there's a whole different tale!

We played for an hour, as Carmine flew past thrown' rocks at him to retrieve by the courage of his beck, while I stood and picked tall grass as I waited. Whenever he did want to toy with me, I knew what to throw back. I started to pick out close to a dozen pairs of flowers. If I were to pull out a dozen pairs of rocks, then those would title and tumble down the mountains!

#10

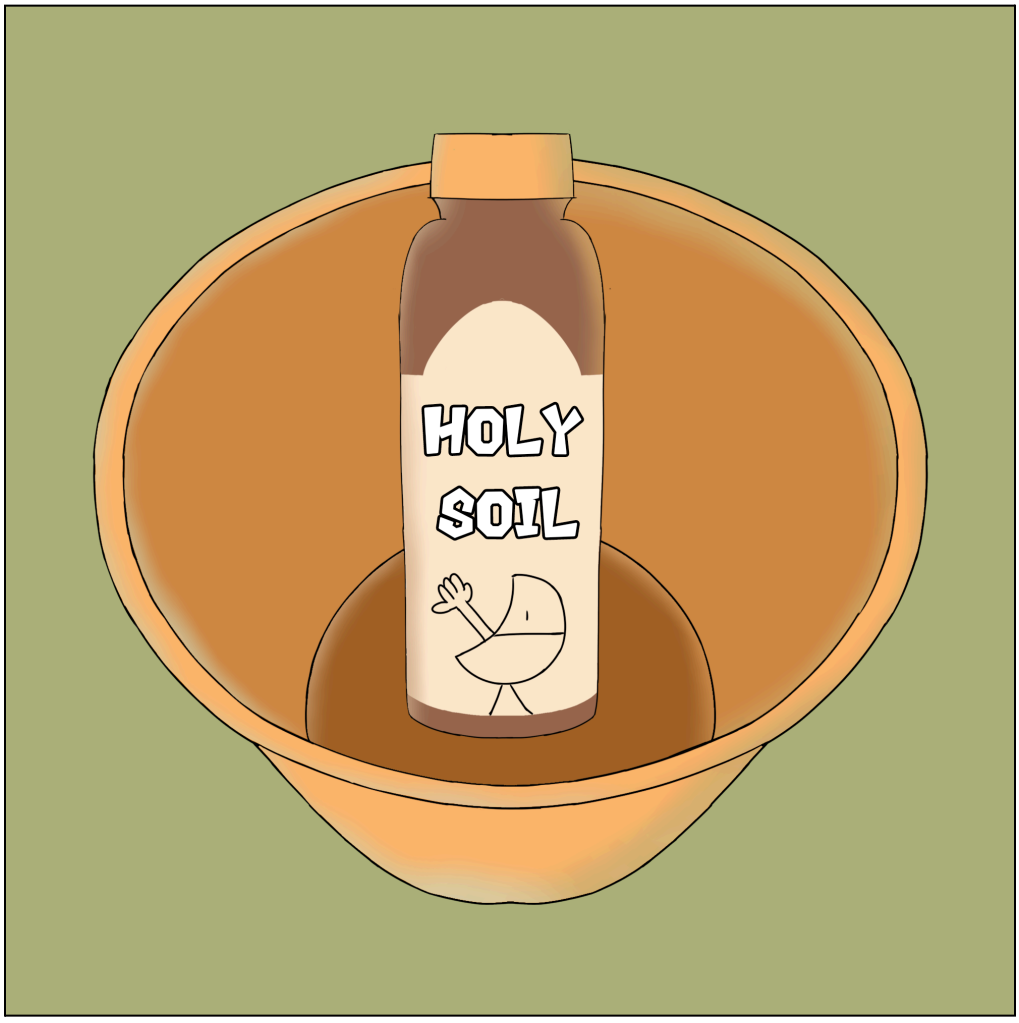
The flowers ranged from needin' sunlight to thrive, to the wonders of blossom flowers that were delightful little roses that couldn't be anythin' more then a bouquet to town beauty. Takin' a peek inside the abandoned wishin' well nearby that surrounds 'em, I could only hear slight dry noises. When I tossed a nickel down, it came out of the bucket without a change.



I heard rumors that little boys and girls who throw too many nickels never come back. I recall stories where grandmas would kill their loved ones if they discovered the truth. That's what the elderly men at the timber lollipop shop told me when I picked up desert items. All of those wild, crazy amounts of jolly goodies makes my mouth want to twist into pure watermelon.

#11

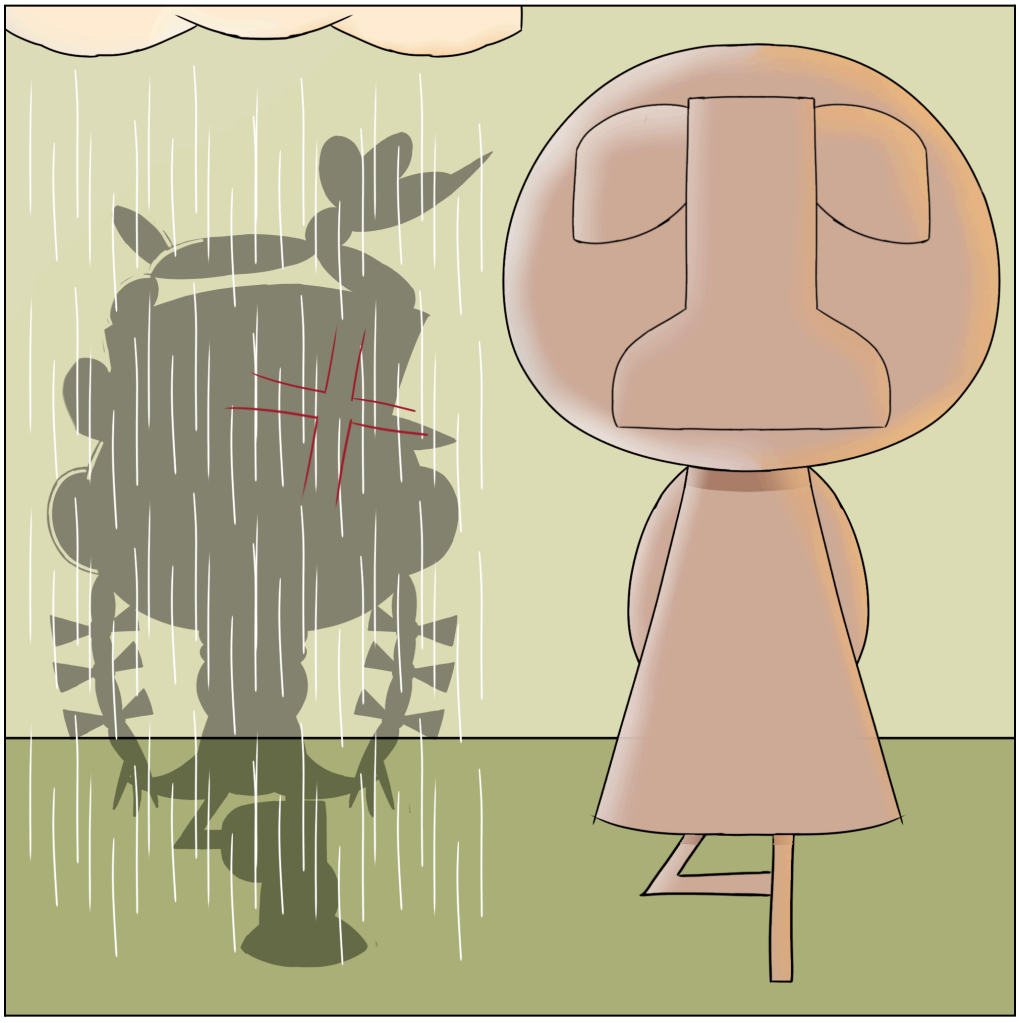
Down the well, it was as untenanted as a wooden picture house. Had a red ladder been present, I'm sure a whopper would arrive. On the other hand, Carmine was restin' on the ground, stretched out to spread his wings and body. Pleasant things to imagine in his mind, I'm sure of. I went out to toss another nickel. What came up was a bottle of holy soil, like one from a minster..



I didn't know what to do with it, so I kept it tucked in my hat. I handed it over to Carmine if he was intrigued to use it, but he was phlegmatic to this soil. I sat there with him, watchin' the waves pass by as the wind blew. A blue popsicle splashed, but only the stick was there. Even popsicles have an expiration date. Grandmother never lets me have 'em unless it's the summer.

#12

What caught my attention was what was behind the largest. An eyesight of droopy eyes blocked by the quality of size, but I could see a puppet. Not the kind of puppet I'd ever see from town shops, but a puppet with a host. As I walked closer, the sights of droopiness belonged to that of a young child, not too unlike those who laugh and cry at the heart of the foundation.



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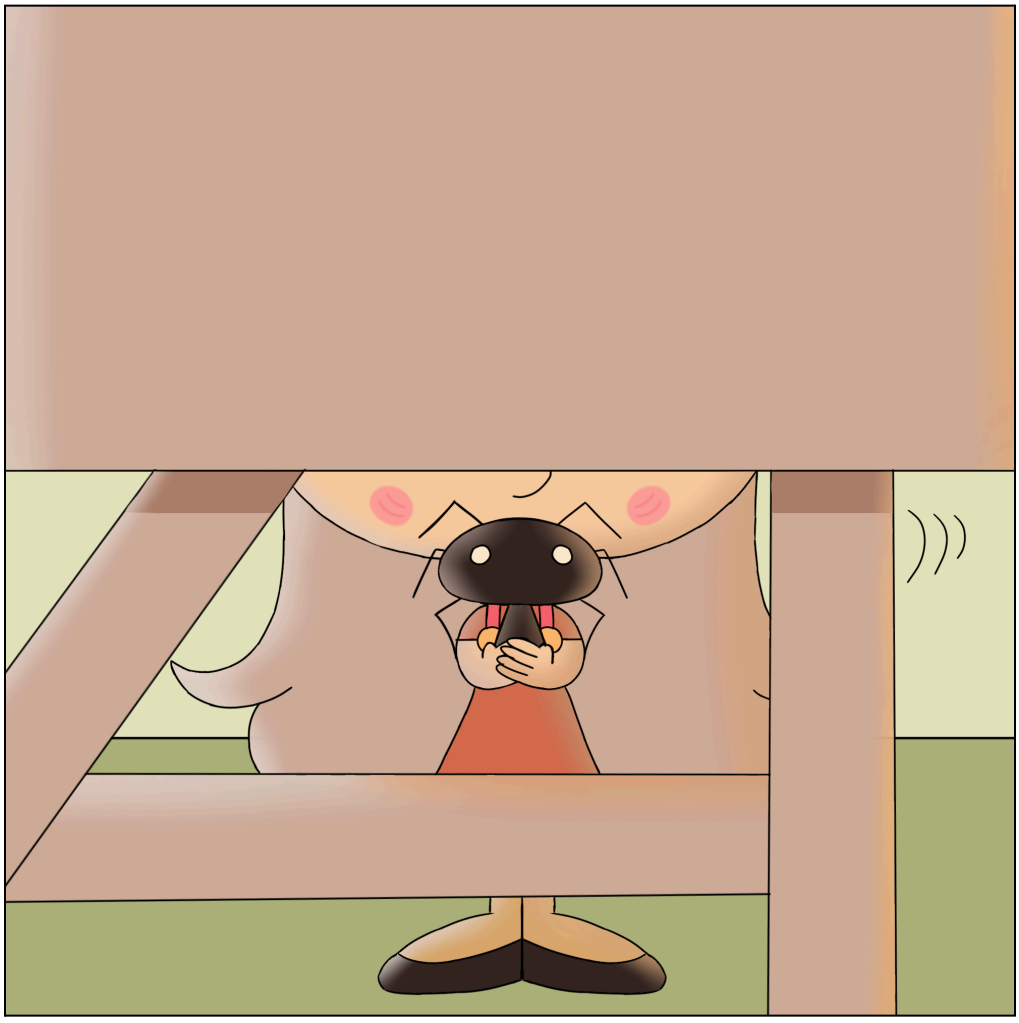
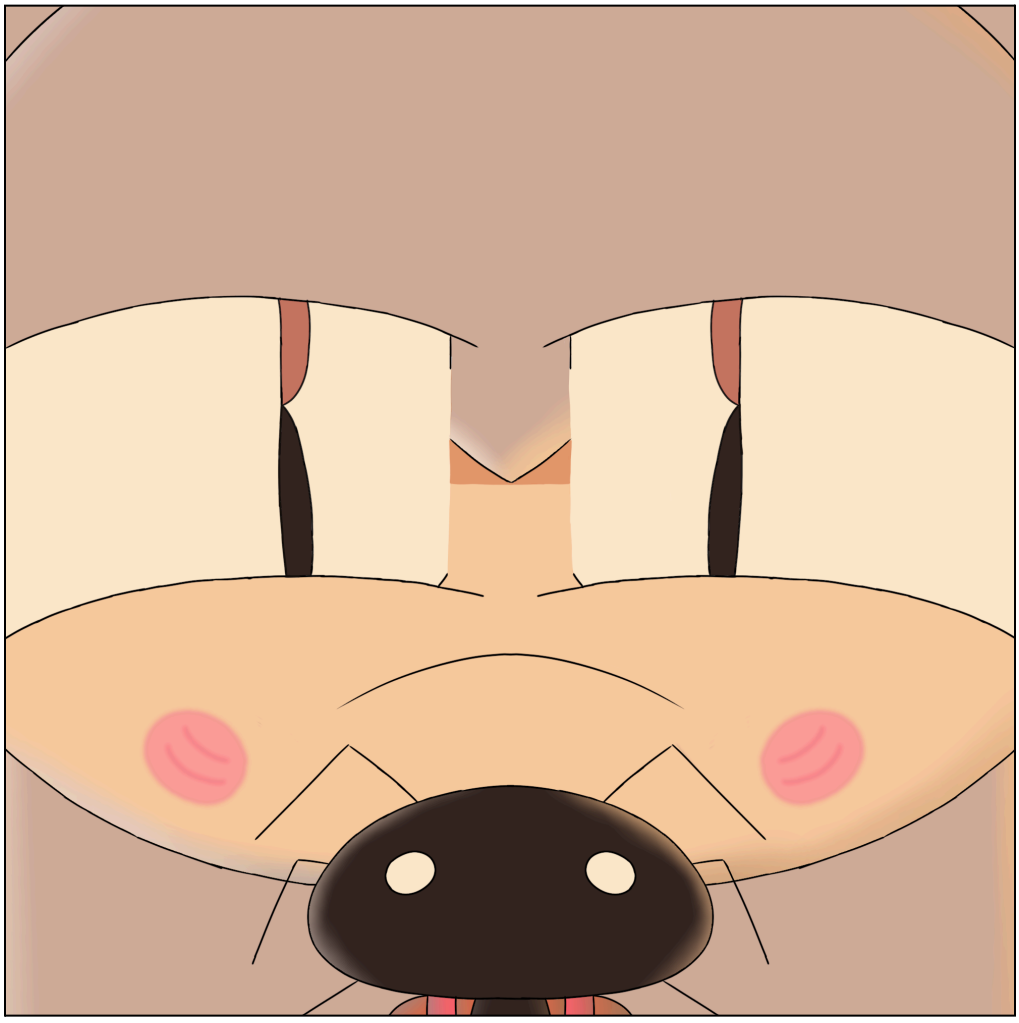


"Mind if I give you all one of these?" I decided to inflate the balloon material I had on me. A parallel experience didn't matter to me when a balloon twistin' pump, twist and turns, and creation directly from the knot is all that I required to create the most magical things on this planet. Based on the statues, I decided to give each a unique piece to match their face to boot.

#14

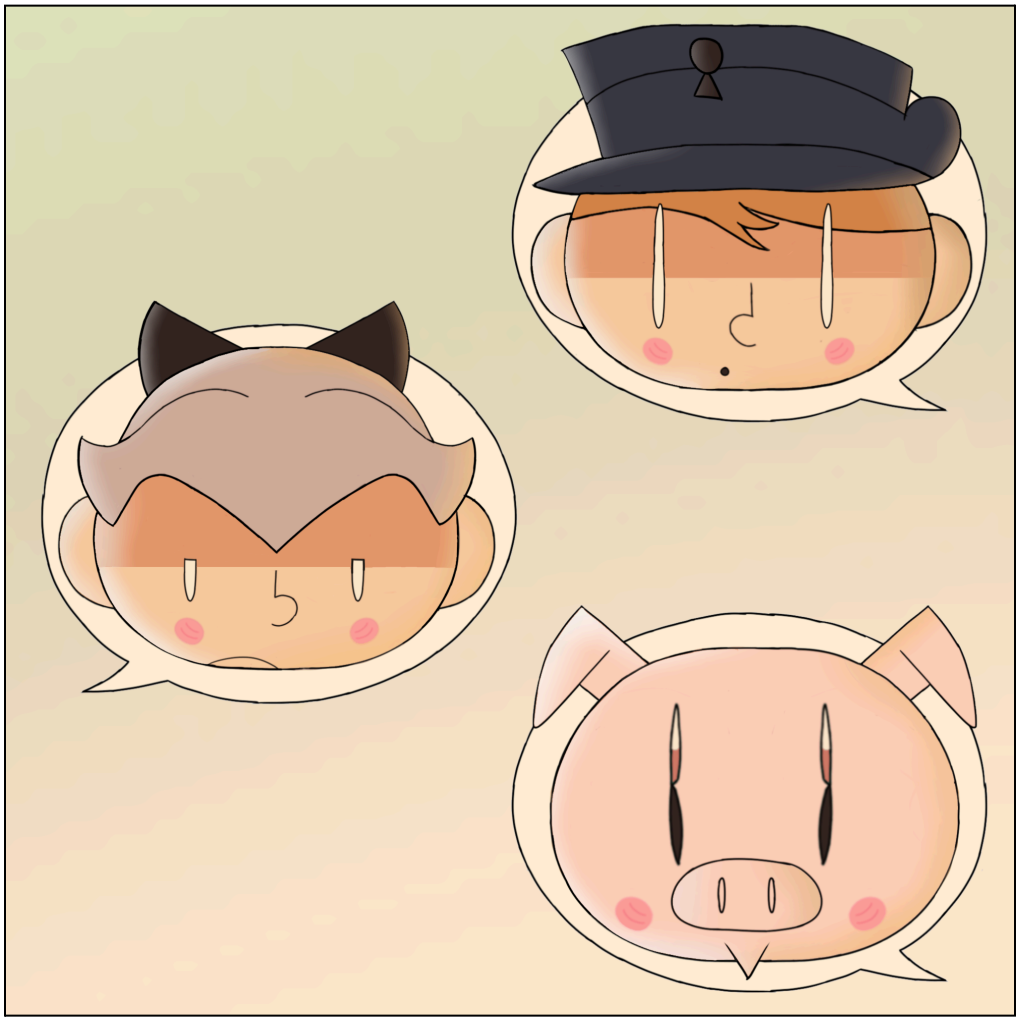
What to create out a prime lion leader to rule the lands, a sensitive owl whose face can barely communicate a smile, and a hysterical monkey that wanted to share a treat with me? I tied ‘em all to each head, as tight as I could. What I could see above was the mountains. Icy isles that I didn’t think were practically great, but not bad either. The young child had declined all of ‘em.



“What’s the matter?” I asked her specifically. Her face didn’t move. Her eyes were as inert as a half-shaved hound. Her straight silver hair was visible but remote. Her hands and legs stood still as they could. Even her tight black bow was undisturbed. No matter the hand waves I made at her, she was motionless. I thought she wasn’t real with me. She was there. Dead eyed.

#15

An urge to communicate more was set. I didn't know what this child wanted that would make her feel the slightest movement. She sat on top of rocks and pebbles, talkin' it out with her puppet. Gentle waves didn't cut it. I was perplexed by how quiet she was. Whenever I see these younger kids, they tend to be as energetic as vitality and want to play with me, but not this one.



"What's your name" I humbled asked, becomin' more familiar with how she interacted with the world, to the best of my assumptions. "It starts with V. I think it's nice," she mumbled about, before she shut her mouth. There aren't an awful lot of names that emerge with V. The name Vivian rings a bell. Whom rang bells to alert pigs to avoid gettin' horrid, bad mud baths.

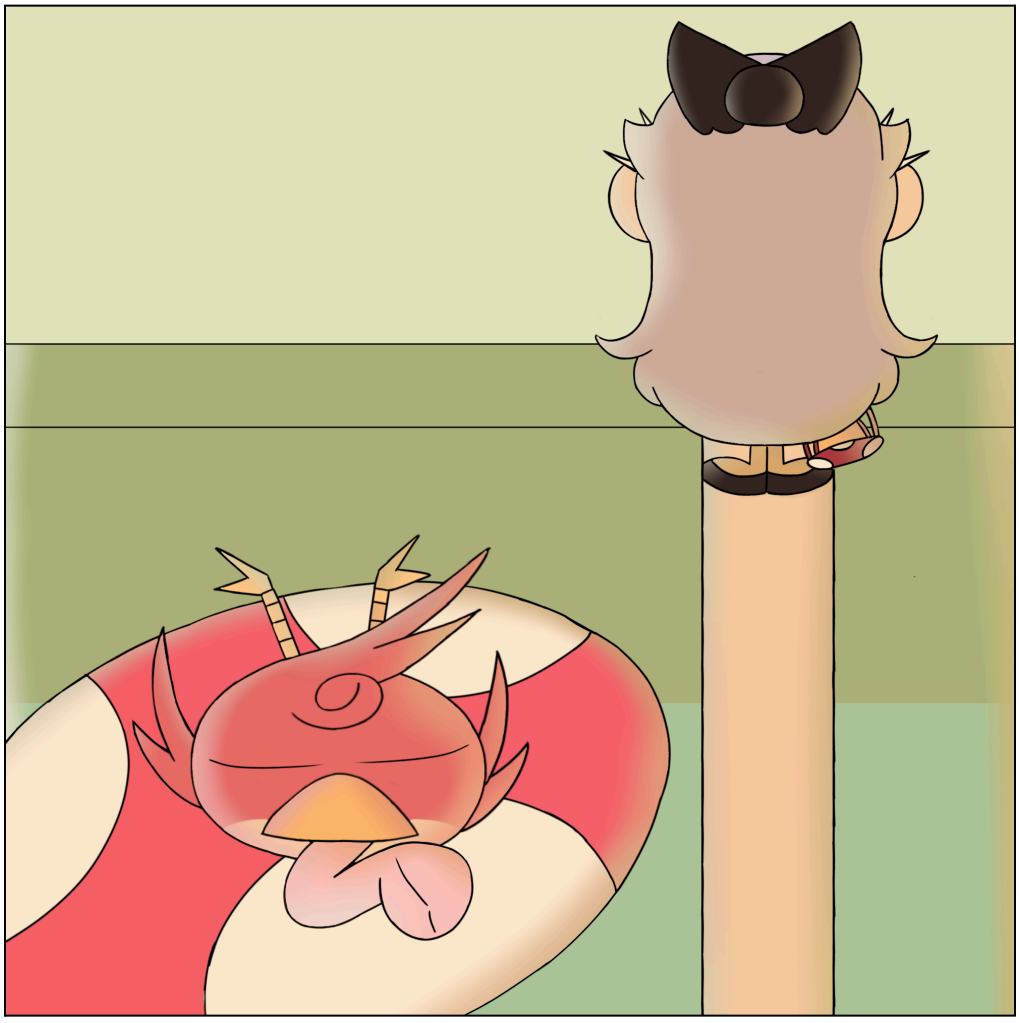
#16

When I wanted to speak more to her, she left. Carmine grabbed my scarf and held me tight, takin' me back away before I could catch up about what does her V stand for. He dragged me into the ruins of mushrooms that bounced not too far away. As he bounced, any sight of the V child was lost in time's despair. I sat there while I waited. I don't see these mushrooms in sights.

"The mushrooms were venomous and enormous. Even my boots could bounce on their own. The anxiousness came down from the touches. If I tried to put my hand into the cap's white spots, my hand would start to feel injected with unfair pain and nervousness that is a swirl to overcome in motion. When I put it out and leave it, my hand feels fine, but nevertheless, ouch!

#17

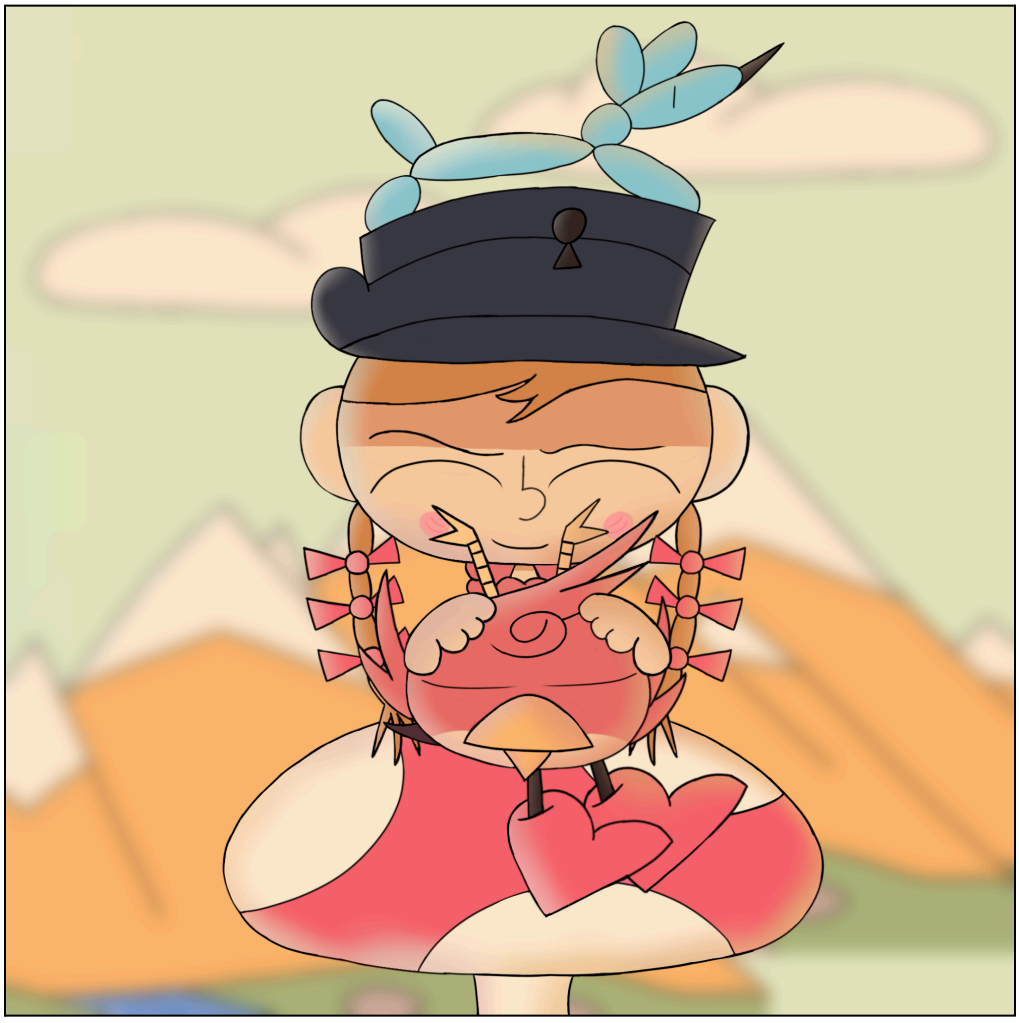
I started to prepare mushroom bounce for half-an-hour, as I waited for Carmine to fly away from pickin' out deceased worms and return. It's the least I could do. Ponderin' down on my red boots, I began to reckon what I wanted to go in town for the day, now that the child was left me. Until she didn't. She didn't lay an eye on me, but she had a bright mushroom hourglass.



"The butterflies that briefly flew didn't go unnoticed. The bees that stung the hive from the branch above may have been the result of a honey shop cottage shop that landed out of orbit. Playin' with my scarf taught me to tie and untie. I tried to make it appear in lieu of a prestige aristocrat, hostin' famous cake parties. It went fine. When I saw her again, she had already left.

#18

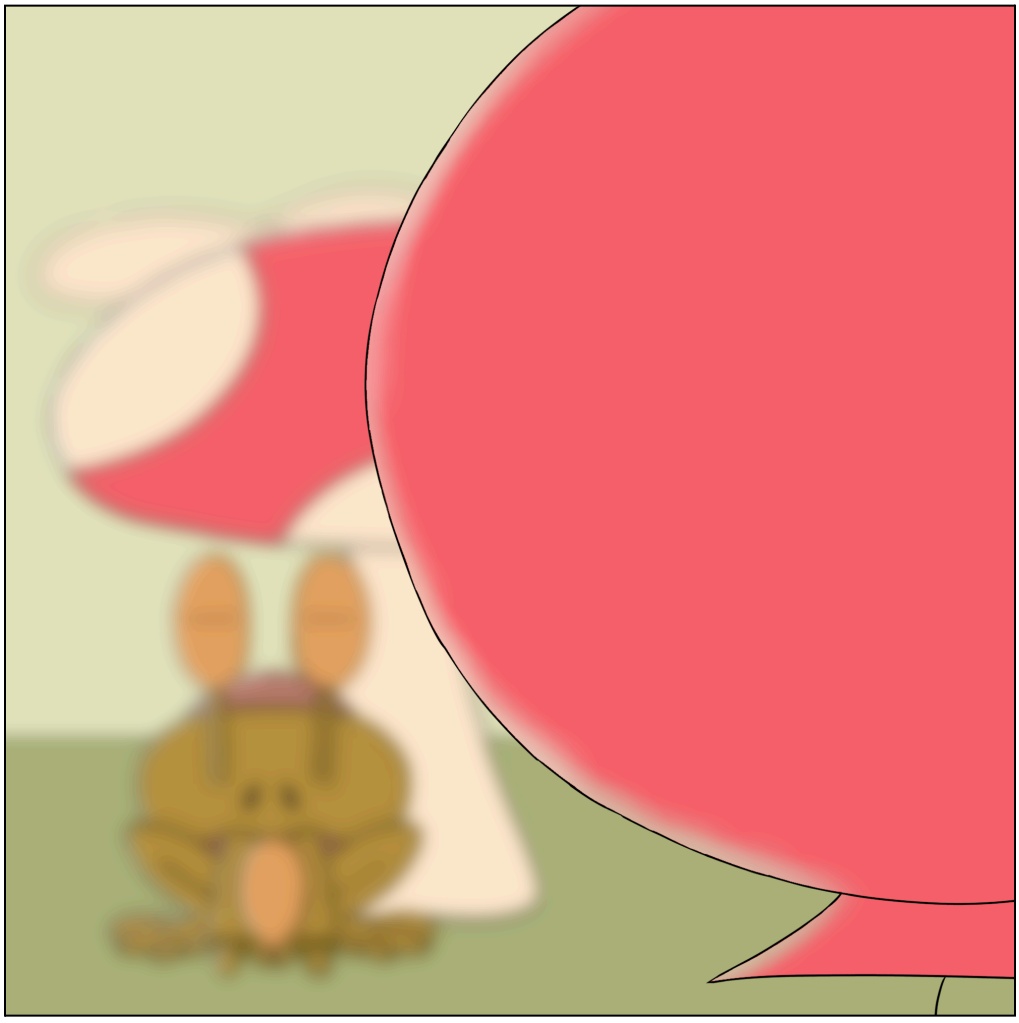
When I bounced to check in on Carmine, he was fast asleep. The worm inside him was like a good buddy. I wanted to ask him what that girl was when he was so close to her on that mushroom he was on, but I didn't want to come across as a bothersome foe. His wings were spread as an angel from heaven. Checkin' on his feathers, they were furious and gently warm.



"Off into the distance, as I gave pats to Carmine, I looked closer to where I could spend the rest of the day at, but then I remembered the town center was close by. I scratched myself into thinkin' what was unique about today there. Surely, they couldn't be anythin' more than the typical appearances of baker shops and water foundations, but I expected a visit would suffice.

#19

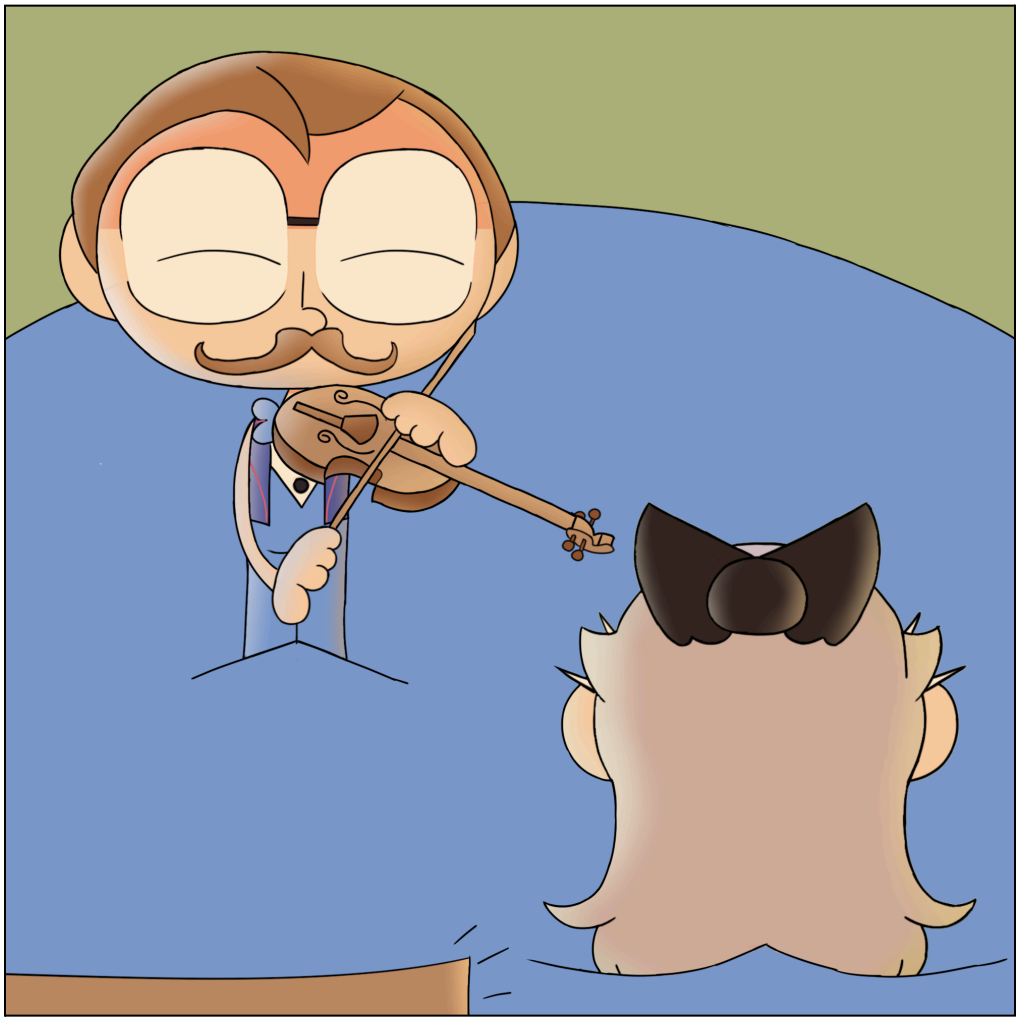
I started to walk towards where Miracle Twilight was, now struck in the afternoon. What was a sight to behold were red balloons. They all flew away when I tried to hang on. I saw a lot of children were hangin' onto it, before it popped, and they bounced off safety mushrooms. With this amount of red, I sought to see if any material I had would do a splendid job for 'em's colors.



"Do you want a snail on a fungus, or a toad to hop to another?" Between what animal I wanted and what the little ones wanted, I'm not sure if a fungus would count as an animal to 'em.. I thought makin' a hybrid of a snail and toad. Twisted and scary, but cute and dynamic at the same time. I left it underneath the safety mushroom to entice 'em, but there was no intrigue.

#20

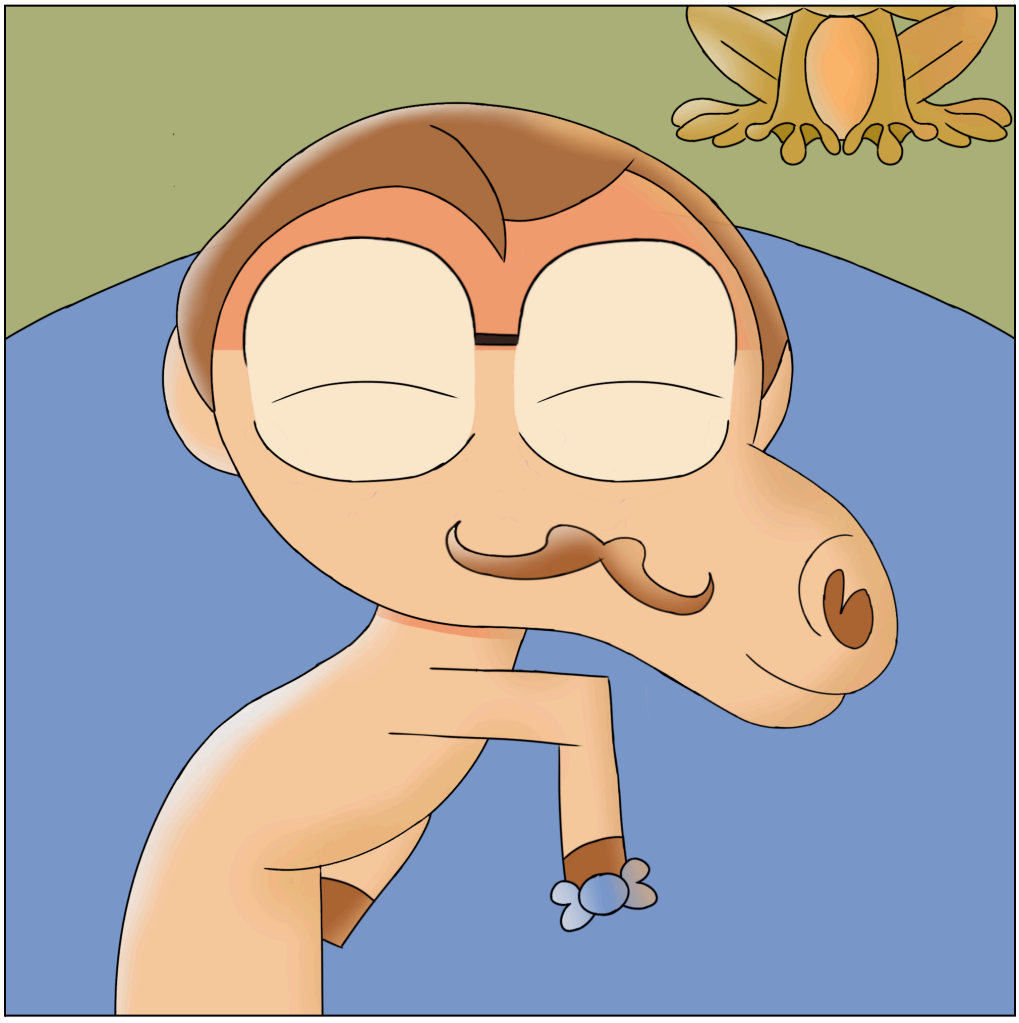
What did give me intrigue was that lonely child in the river. She appeared to be steppin' down from a leaky boat, where she sat in silence. I rushed to see what she was playin' with, but it was no friendly play. Out of the river, along came a fiddle that belonged to a strange fella, who let out his hand, as thin ice melted as the two of 'em vanished into the uncharted water below.



But before I saw 'em vanish, I took a look at this man. I could've sworn that I saw him before somewhere, but it wasn't singlin' a bell. I assumed he was one of the bakery shop owners, but that vest was too blue. It's always hot red. Or dark purple. Last time I reflected on the hair of these shop owners, I don't remember 'em lookin' so young. He looks like he'd own a nice cabin.

#21

As I was ready to step foot, they immediately returned, as the fiddle turned into lyrics of a beautiful song, where all sorts of toads hummed along from the water. I took a closer look at who this was, where he switched between a man's face and that of a horse. His body wouldn't mind that of a man or animal. The child remained unchanged, but my mind was certainly not.



Before I knew it, the child was already gone, but there was no immediate return. Where could she have gone? There aren't a ton of ponds in town. Carmine went out to dive into the chagrin' water to see if maybe, unfortunately, she drowned to death. When he resumed, turns out that no body was found. At least that means she didn't die. She just went missin' somewhere.

#22

But before I left, I picked up one of the frogs that was hummin’ with that man. Their weight was light-hearted, but their inability to stop singin’ was not. A ribbit or two was all they could communicate. They enticed me to lift this liftin’ stone, in front of the town's entrance. I let Carmine play with the poor frog. I’m sure he could use a friend while I’m away to rise up this.

Oh boy, it was a dozy. More frogs kept watchin’ me to form a crowd of attendees. The best part I could describe about the stone was it’s barebones look. The worst part I could say in return was how my arms were almost shattered to blissful, broken bones. I could feel my teeth compin’ in union. Best my luck that the stone wasn’t the heaviest one in the world for me to lift.

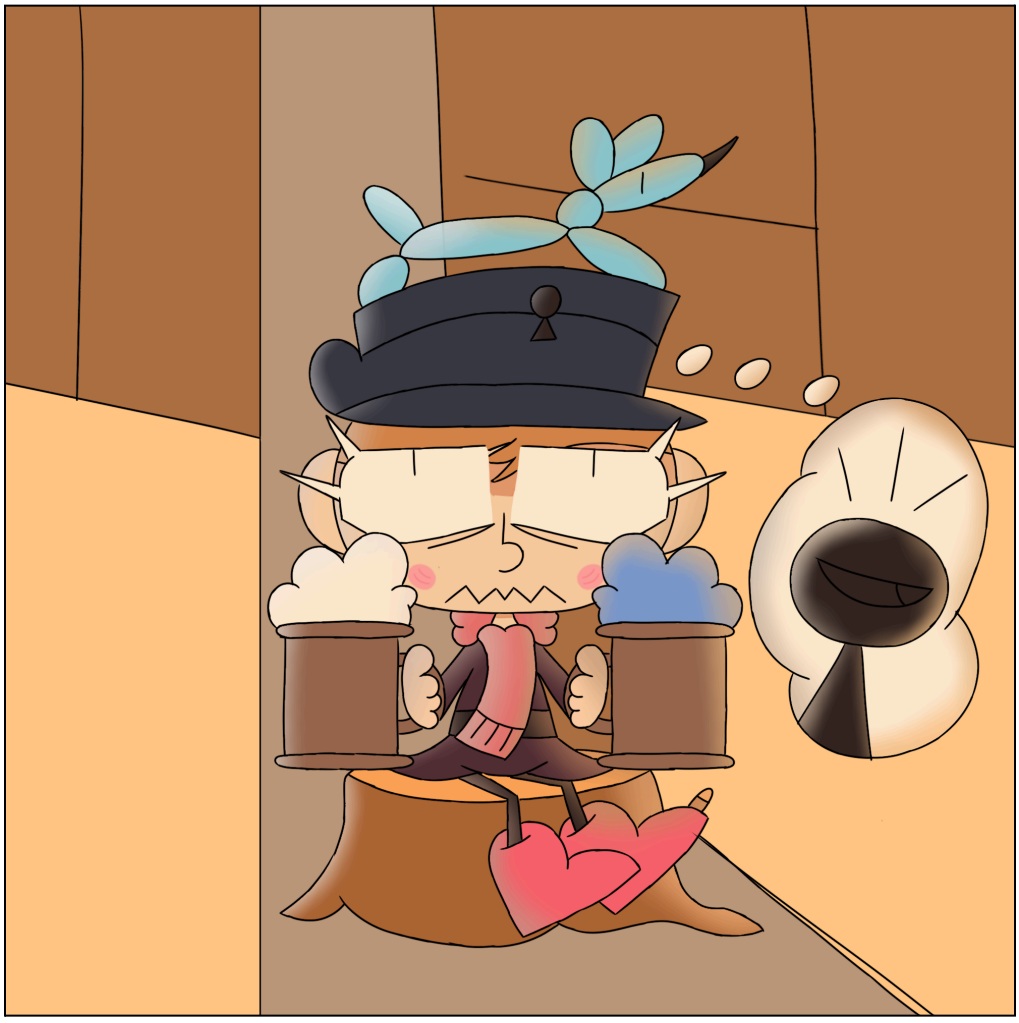
#23

Without frogs, I resorted to Miracle Twilight. The town composed of miracles spread through shops and cottages that wished the best. Decorations were as basic as what the texture of pine cones were, knocked out of the tree's heights. Even the elusive golden chocolate sounded more tasty than chocolate milk that erupted pure chocolate bubbles. I got both for two quarters.

What I overheard as I exclaimed the chocolate outside were the smells of a rather splitted tavern that was recently built the other month. One side for kids, the other for those a little more grown up. They didn't let me in from the entrance because I looked like a kid. I had to go the other way. A bunch of young kids were ridiculous in how they took all of the chocolate behind.

#24

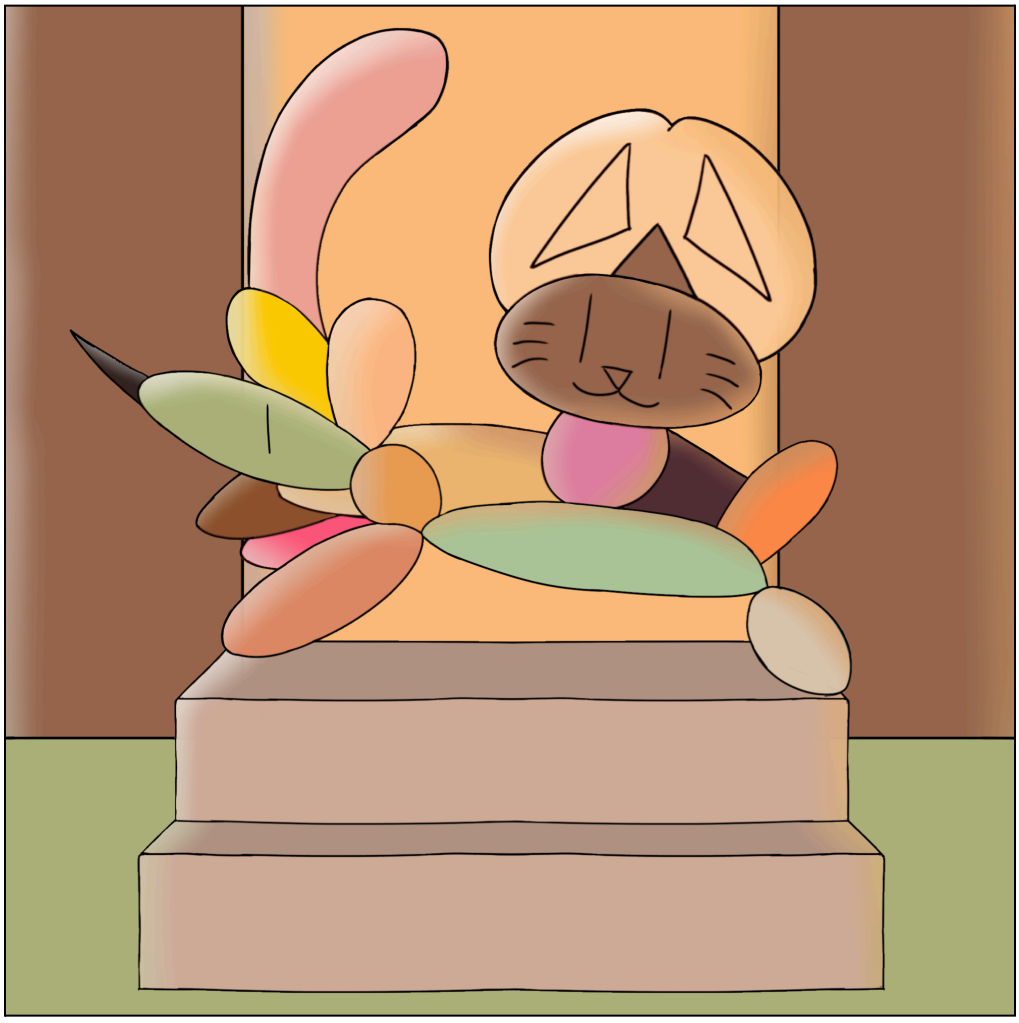
"It is a very long story, but I'll try to shorten it. Where should I start?" Rumbles from the side of the prohibited bar I was unable to attend were nonstop in conversations. I only arrived to collect ounces of milk and water for a dime, and the whereabouts of this particular kid. I had to assume that she belonged to a kind set of parents. It didn't make much sense for a grim day..



It didn't take long until I got bored. The walls were dull and more appropriate for a devil's birthday than a children's party. The droplets of crusty bread were grotty and putrid. To make matters worse, constant yells from both sides made me uneven. It wasn't long before I left with a small speck of milk in a child-friendly tankard, and a grin of water in another. I was out.

#25

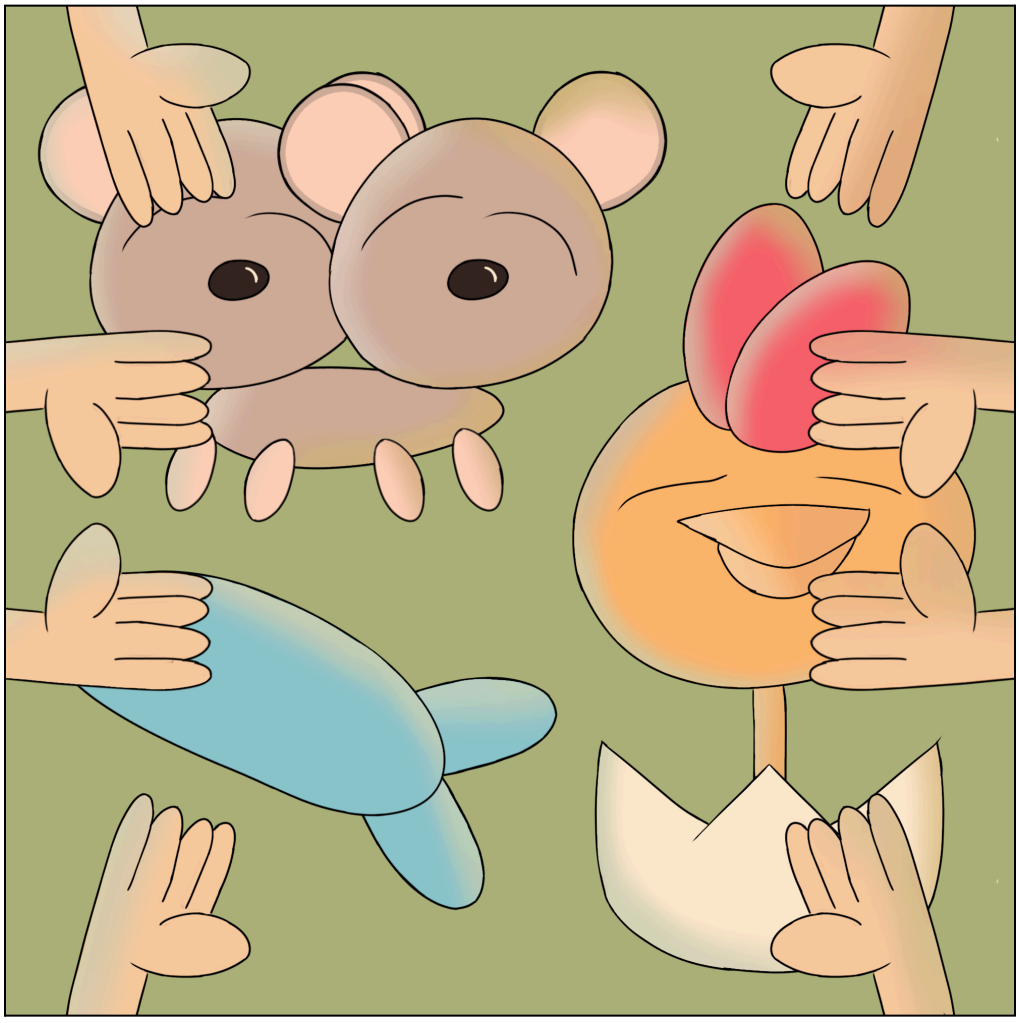
While I was waitin’ on the steppin’ stones, a pair of young twins arrived. The boy said if I could make a dog, while his sister spoke about if I could make a cat too. For a fun twist, I made each a variety of colors. The palette of anatomy from the past is all too familiar, and for the approach for children, it shouldn’t be too familiar with the given material. It'll be all brand new!



“Aren’t you a child as well?” The girl asked me. I gave her a look. They appear to be half my age. I suppose they have a point, but so do a lot of folks. Proudly, I stood to show myself as a notable young woman. I winked towards ‘em for good charms, not really any luck. I never expected dozens of paired twins to arrive next. I didn’t expect so many to desire animal balloons.

#26

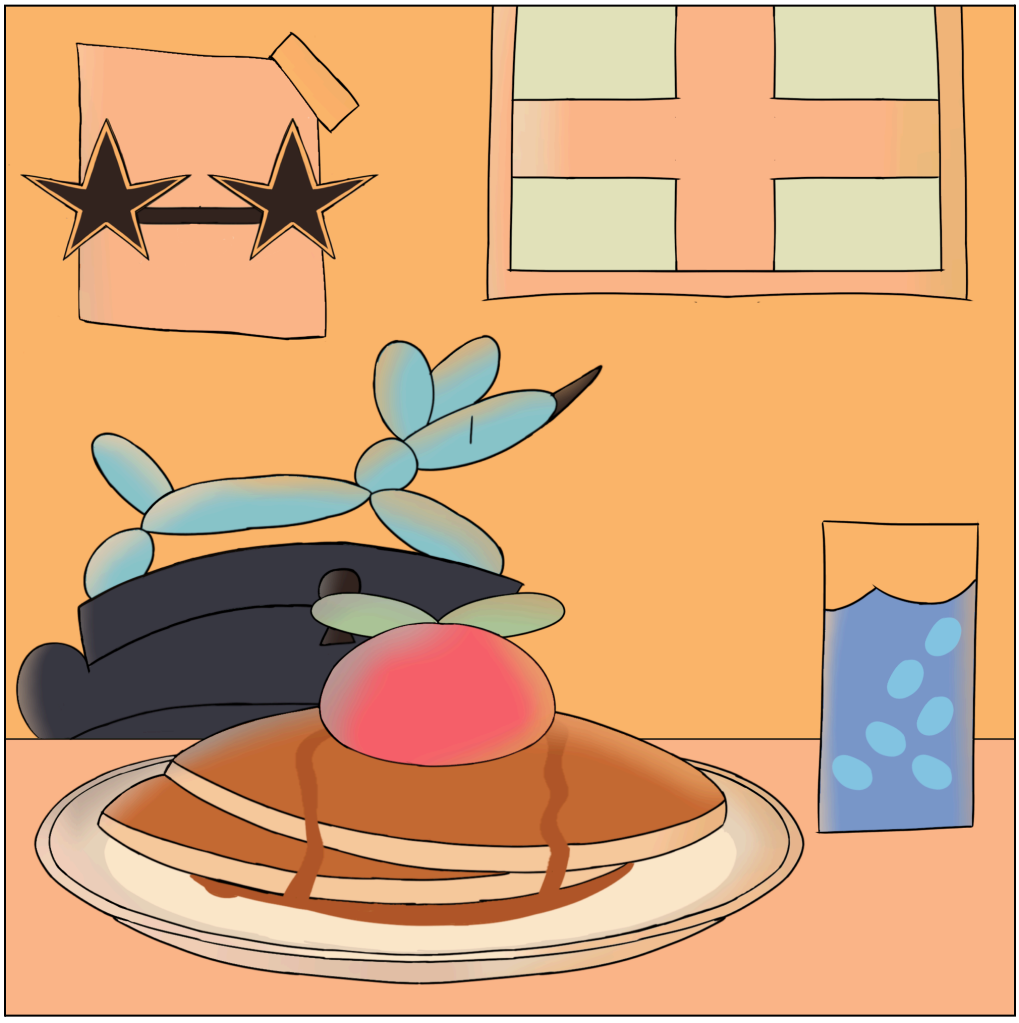
Several asked for crave goblins. Others mentioned two-tailed fish. A few brought up a ruffled chicken hatched from birth, and one wanted a two-headed mouse with double the cheese. Take carin' of was endless requests up a mountain's heights of a powerful star. Some dared to request mushrooms, which I had to politely decline. Silly children, those aren't proper animals.



Funny cuckoo animals, otherwise balanced against the tears of joy that were expressed from young children. Among this crazy crowd, I suspected that there may have been one twin without their twin. Perhaps the twin of that one girl? But nothin' but pairs. From the tallest to the shortest, everyone was together. My tummy was nervous when someone wanted to eat Carmine.

#27

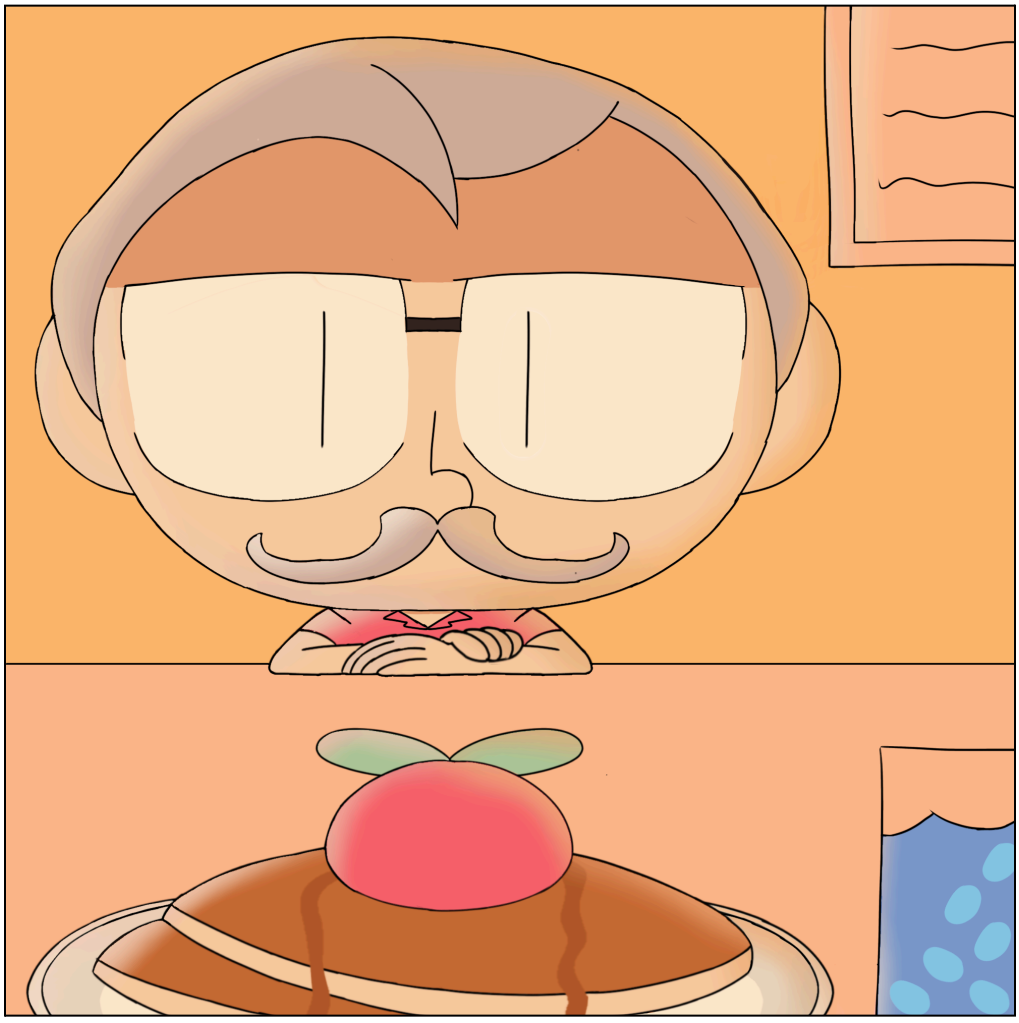
In a last attempt, I raised my hand, whistlin' down the madness. It was a bliss of silence, until those same twins that first approached whistled back, and told me to go north of where I was at. Everyone made way for me to leave, where I was greeted with forecasts of thin air. My silly little legs and arms were exhausted from the amount of balloon animals I had to make..



It led me to a baker's shop. Filled with catmint for those who aren't house cats, but nevermind the delicious atmosphere was unavoidable to ignore. Gentleman with quiet tea to pour into various cups in his kitchen. Either a special with strawberry pancakes with blueberry milk, blueberry waffles with strawberry milk, or a combination of both. All on his very special menu.

#28

My heart wanted to burst into fluffy ingredients, by remarkable and unremarkable strangeness and ignorance, but I wasn't hungry. I was inclined to be curious about why I was asked to go in that direction. I never asked for a pinch of strawberry and blueberry, but I couldn't believe what unfolded. Last may I remember best, there were no lukewarm, watery fiddles.



"Is this what you desire most?" I started to feel my mouth wanted to transform into a new kind of watermelon pinch in an assortment of flavors and dishes. I wanted to start to brush my teeth. Nobody else was present. It was just me, Carmine asleep, and the baker who won't give me his name, but his face instead. After all, his advertised homegrown talent remained a mystery.

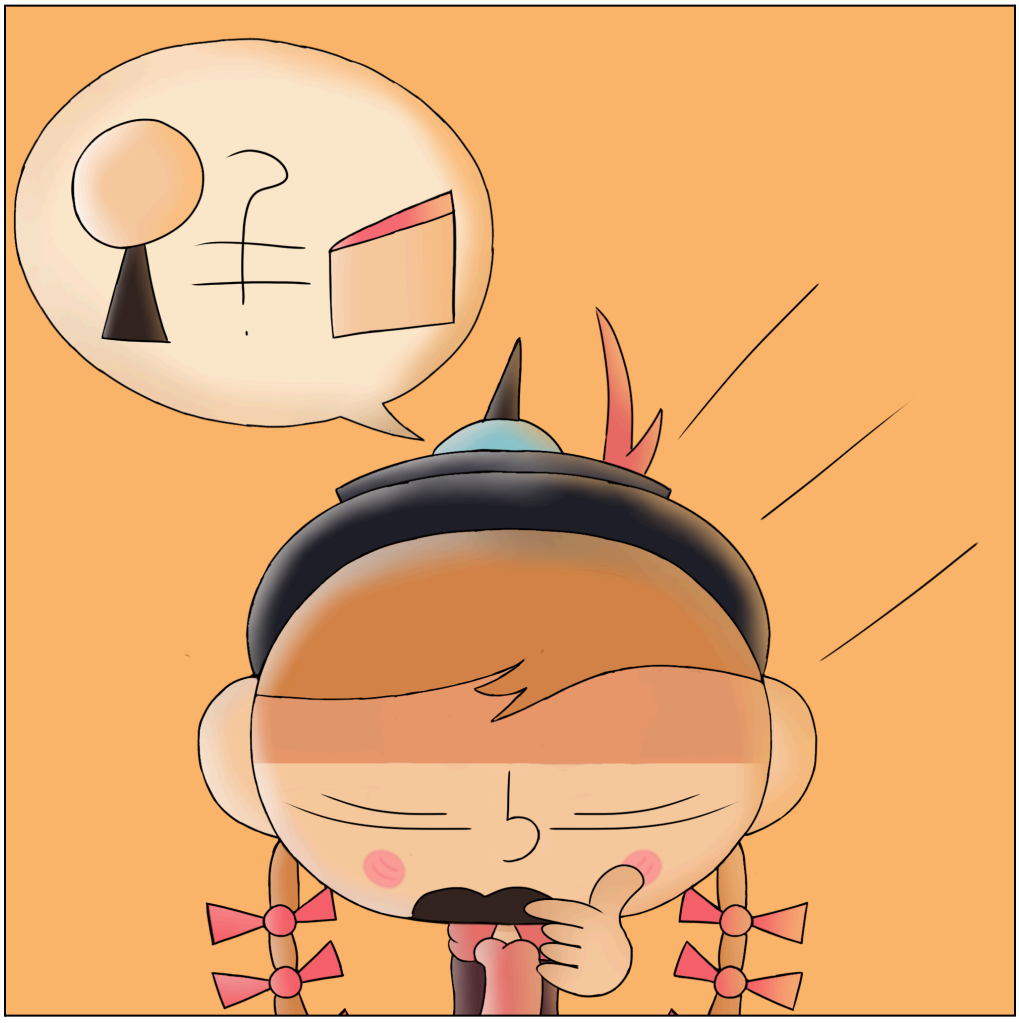
#29

I looked him in the eyes, where his look wouldn't go away directly. He picked up a smoke pipe from behind for some common effect. The more he breathed, the forbye started to make me shaky. He took it out to create pure blissful bubbles out of bananas, where it appeared he was inside a banana himself. I don't think he really was, but shush, I think he truly was.

But by then, he began to fall asleep, into a massive bucket by wooden mop broomsticks. I tried to wake him up, but he refused to get out. His heart was still beatin' and I could feel his body warm, but no slumber escape. I thought he would have a funny face to show his sleepy mind, but he was dried out, not too unlike a fried lobster from the sharp sea tensions. Grim.

#30

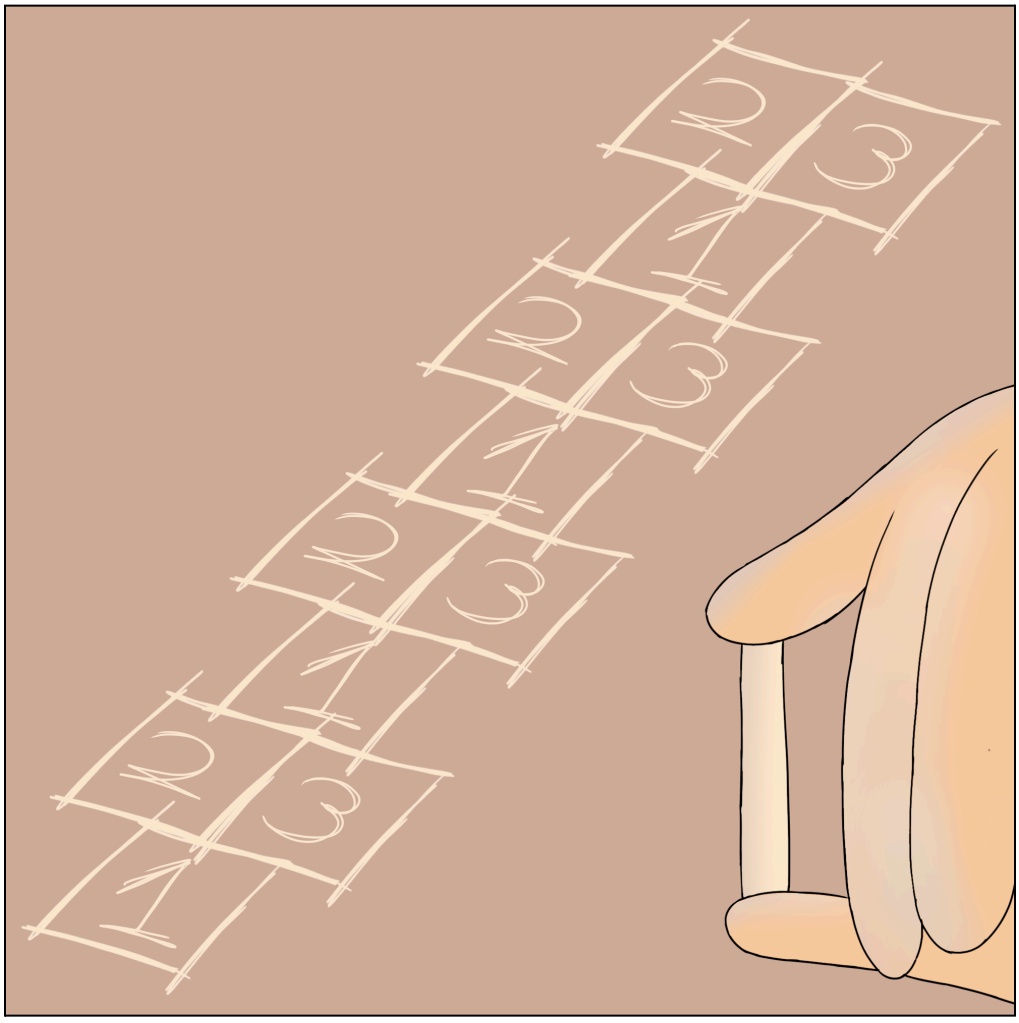
The difference I could tell was that he wasn't meant to be eaten for consumption's sake at dinner. I tried to wake him up, but to no avail. I encouraged Carmine to start peckin' on his body, but the atmosphere felt cold, no matter how many attempts we tried. Walkin' out of his shop, I gave him the extra leftovers of his meal, so he could awaken to lovely nutritional value by dawn.



It made me consider how edible he'd be as a cake. I sat there in silence for minutes thinkin' about if he wanted aspirations of livin' as a human or food. It didn't make sense for him to crave bananas if he didn't take interest, now did it? Carmine remained unmoved. All I could think the way out was what would happen the next time I would see him. Be it not a human?

#31

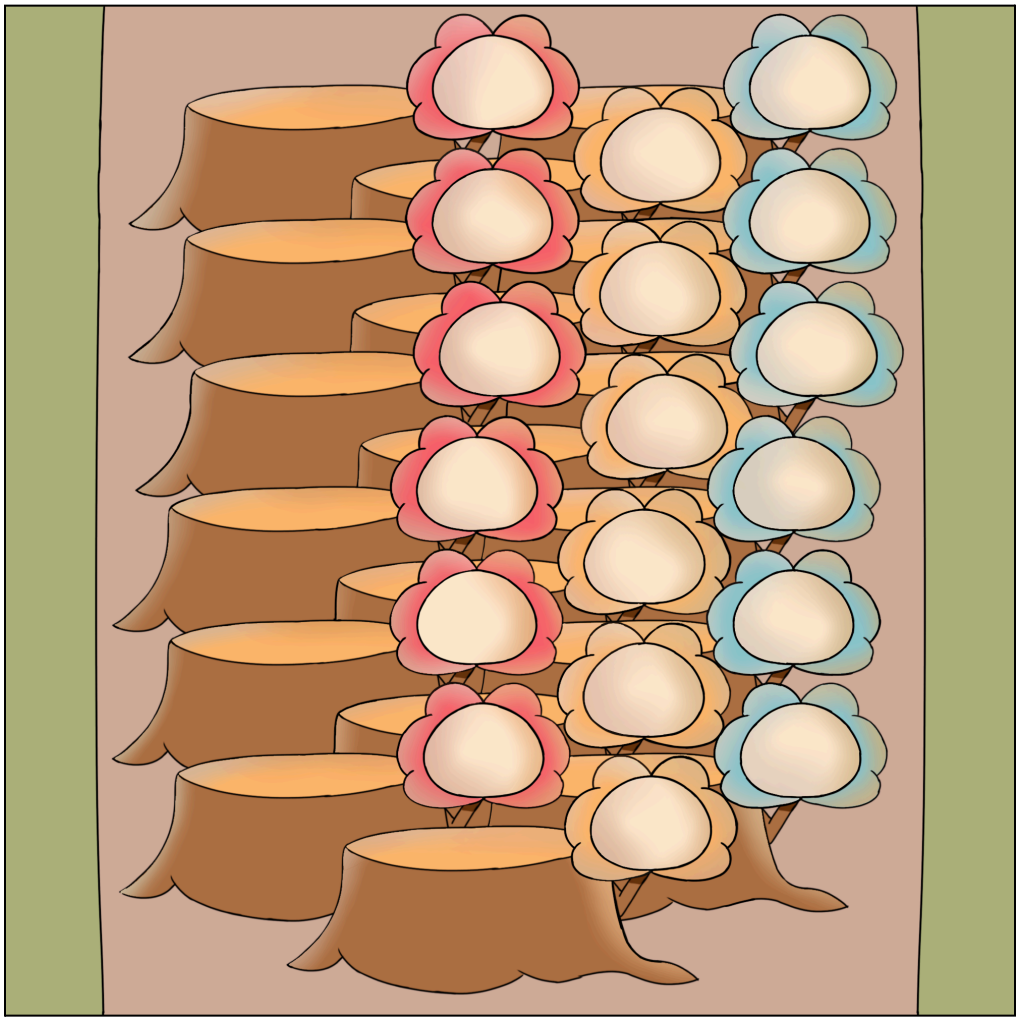
Outside, there was a piece of chalk in his trove of rubbish items. I assume he didn't need 'em for his kitchen set, but it was hollow. Metal sticks, supplies for aubergine. Yawn. Not much of interest for me, but I was alarmed when I spotted the chalk. Not a chalk that's remarkable by any means, but a chalk. I decided that if I wanted to find that girl, I could play a game with her.



Outdoors, I played hopscotch. It was somethin' that I had learned from a book that my grandma sometimes read to me before bed. Inspired by soldiers' pastimes, and a few kids nearby happen to catch on. To jump and score, I draw scaled-down white squares to follow a track. If there was one, what would immediately follow would be a pair of two, and then the reverse.

#32

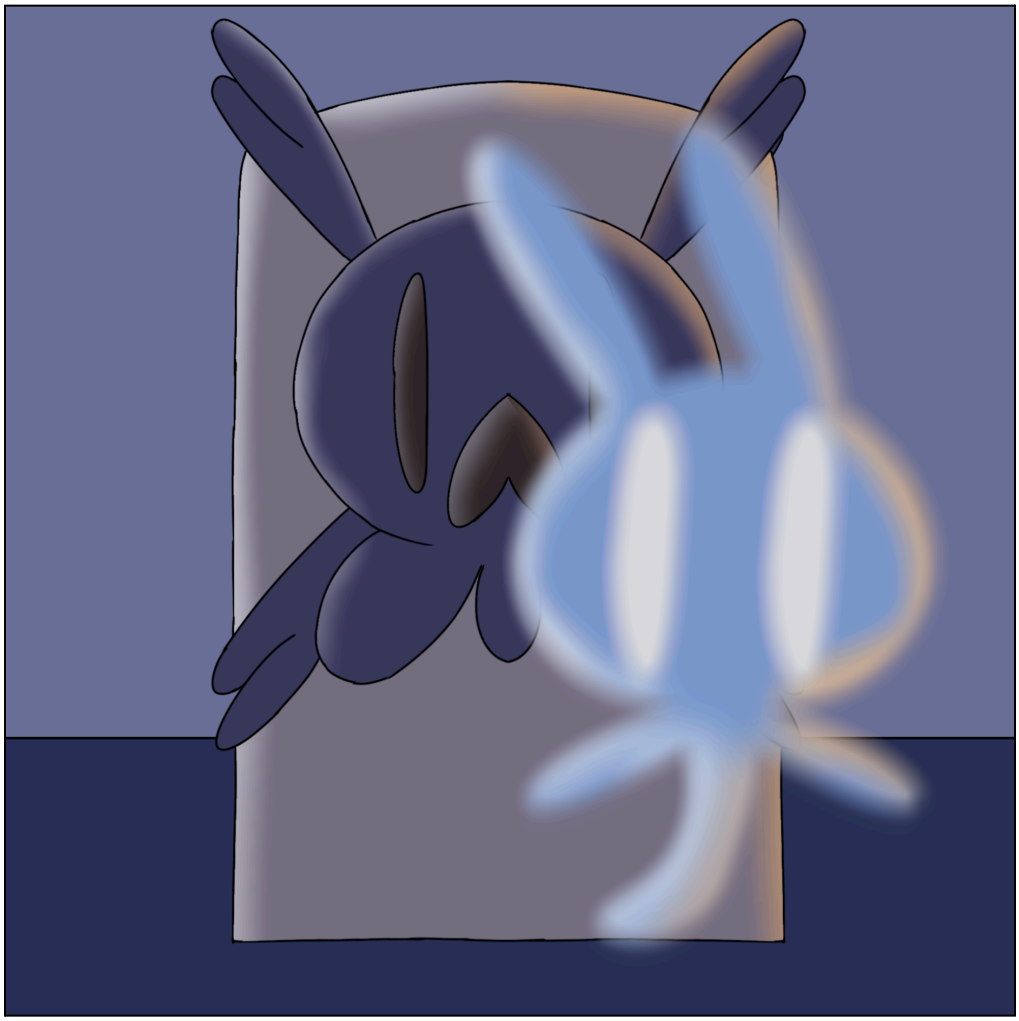
I started to view these squares as blocks, pretendin' to be forest stumps in the wild. The visual imagination of hoppin' off 'em sounds super pleasant. When I see one stump, I begin to see two, and then back to one, before it becomes double the amount as I go on. What type of stump I imagined 'em as, they would be just ordinary as if I kept seein' 'em everyday. forever.



The detail I thought would be unique enough would be a different flower petal on each stump. One would have a blossom flower, while another posed to have a sunflower, and an icy flower straight from the rarest ice cap mountains for another. I started to skip over deadly bushes and worms, in the scenario they wanted to sneak in to surprise me without the proper attention.

#33

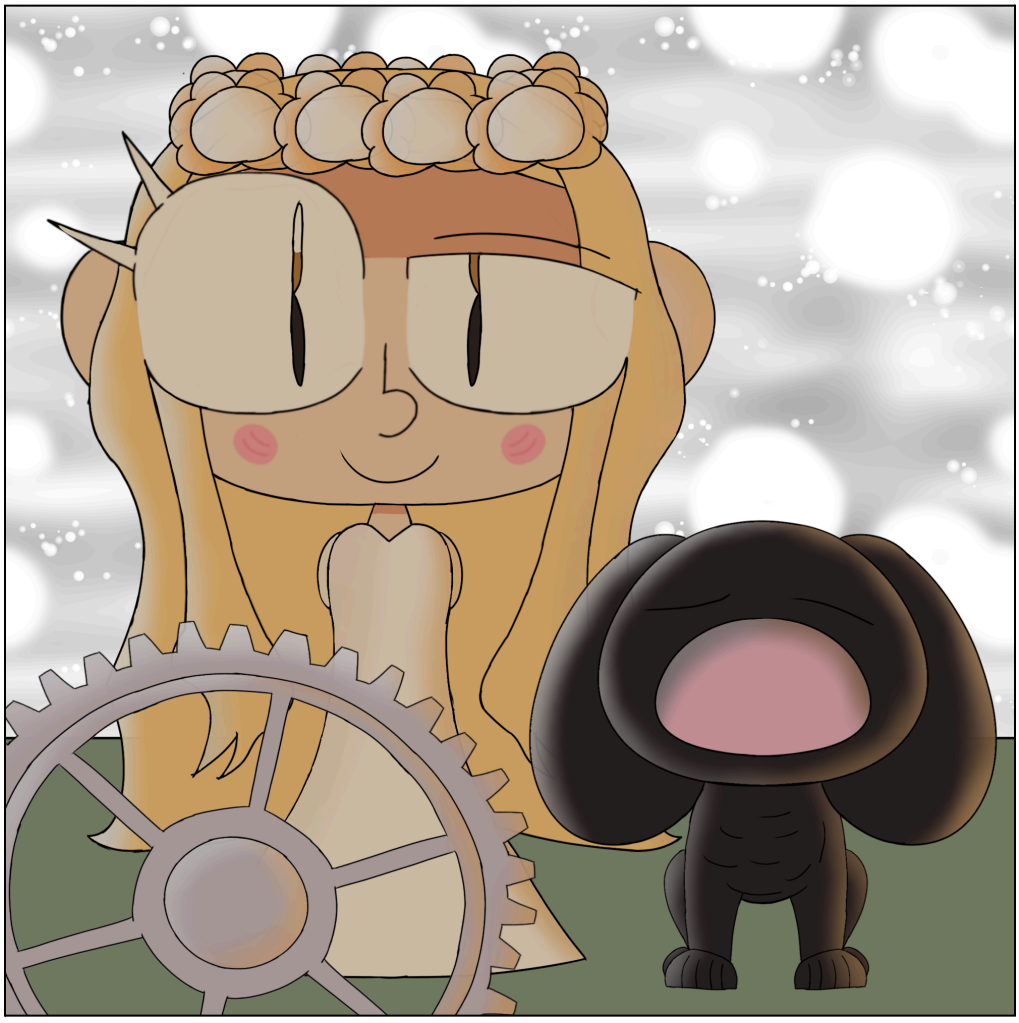
With pretend stumps, I forgot to take notice of the time. What was so sunny was now the brisk of the night. On one hand, it wasn't aggressively dark that it made the world impossible to see, but on the other, my grandmother must be worried sick if she's awake. I decided to reverse the path back home, but that's when I found a tombstone, in the middle of my dragged travels.



A squared tombstone that was too bright for the dead to handle. Without hesitation, I touched it, only to see the atmosphere light. Foolish of me to enlighten flames, but it didn't bother me. As I craved the path back home, the flame initiated light the other way. I suppose it wouldn't hurt to venturin' out a bit more before I had to sleep. Carmine couldn't get enough.

#34

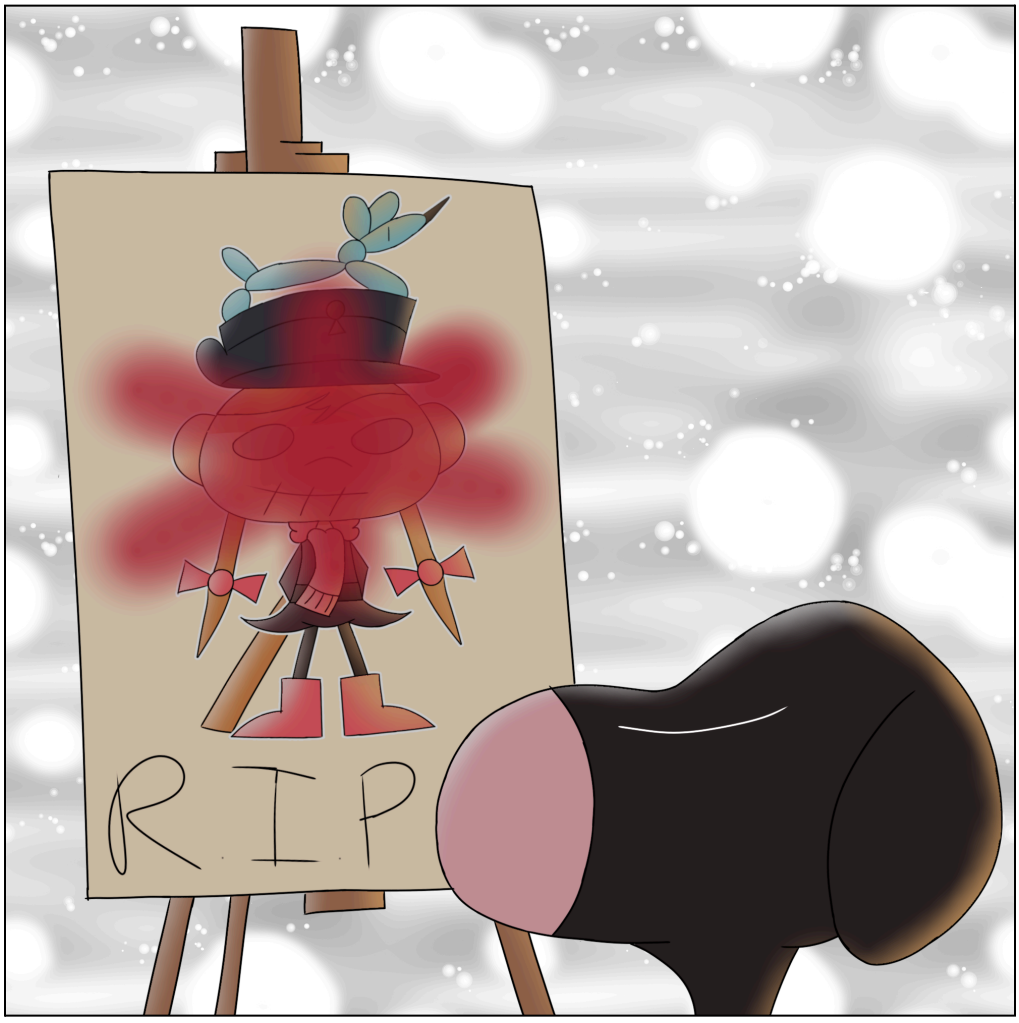
Cogs, left and right, buried deep. Past bridges of isolation. Right in front of me was a clock tower. When I opened it, I was stunned to see how barren it was. Murals of movin' caterpillars train to the skies, and flyin' starfish painted permanently. I sat there in the abyss waitin' for a clock to strike, but it didn't happen. It never came. All I was left with was none.



When I walked outside, there was not an exit, but a churchyard. More gray than color. A muted black dog was the only individual spotted, downstairs from a local church tower. That and some kind of guardian. She introduced herself to me as Fantasma. She had white clothes and wore golden flowers. Stuck in plain white, with gold around to knock out for strong stayability.

#35

“Hullo. What do you want?” She asked me. I was in a rut as I didn’t expect to be here. I suppose I could play hopscotch with her, or craft a black hound animal balloon, but the thought of the black hound prompted me to consider another form of questions. “Is it okay if I could rub his belly? He looks friendly as a puppy” I replied in hindsight before I forgot to speak more.



“He doesn’t want rubs. He wants you to look up, ” She immediately spoke on behalf of, with the same voice tone. I stared into the stars, expecting a stone or two for good jokes. What I received was a fake cut-out of me, and an even faker bell. Was this meant to be humorous? But when the bell rang, the cut-out Cococella was killed, where a funeral was held in her swell honor.

#36

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In a flash, right as the bell rang, that same girl from earlier appeared. I was the same. The other girl was the same. Everyone was the same. She even still had the mushroom hourglass with her, but the only difference this time was it attracted that black hound. When the two met, they had a bond. In the meantime, Fantasma vouched to make a flower crown like hers for my sake.

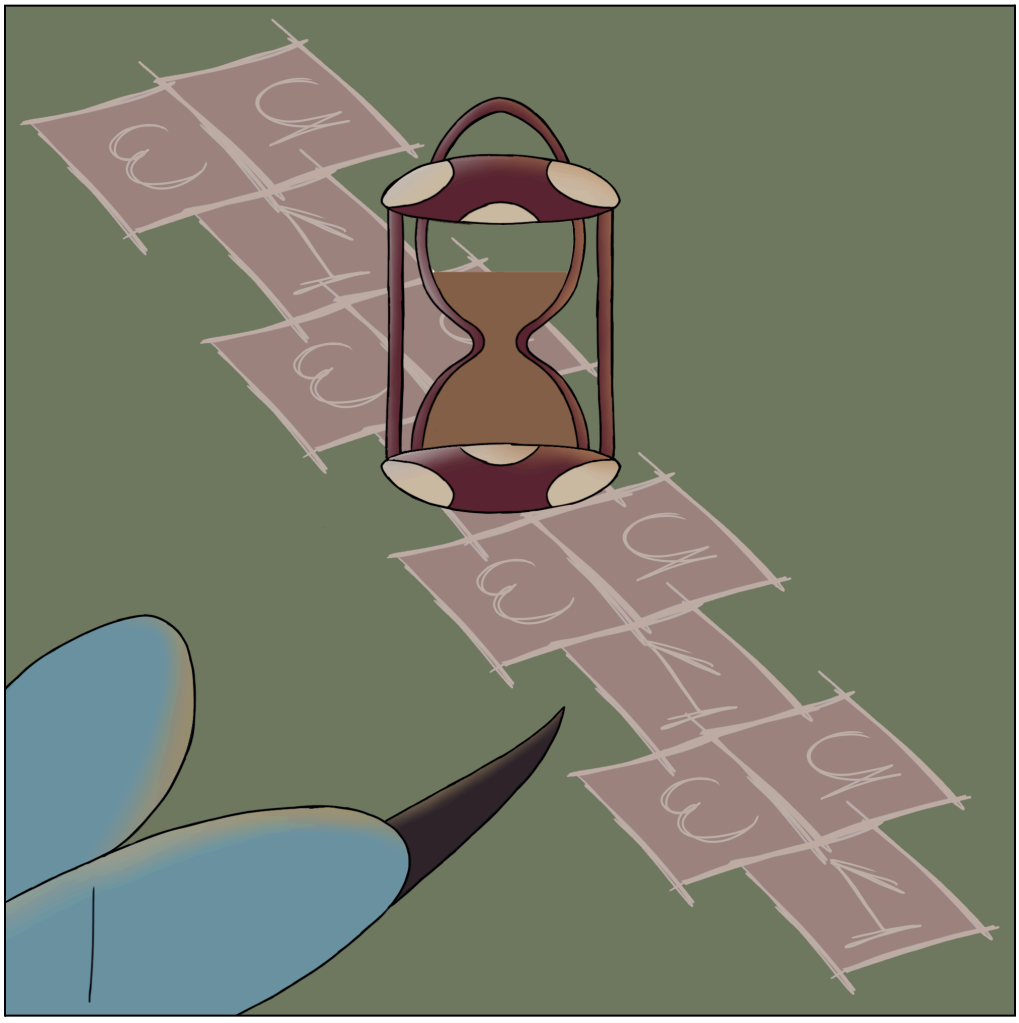
#37

When the girl looked me in the eyes, she waved at me. I waved back. Her name was Venus, and she described herself as unwanted. She communicated that she was lookin' for someone to bury her, and she thought I was the perfect person to do so after she saw me in the woods the previous night. When I asked why she wanted to be buried, she asked for holy soil.

IAs I asked where she got her name, she pointed to Fantasma, her guardian. The black hound was her dog, playin' with her in the upper tower. Fantasma stated that she refused to bury Venus out of respect, but admitted that it was hard to even consider burryin' her after she found a mushroom hourglass while playin' hopscotch together the other night. It high fell from the tower.

#38

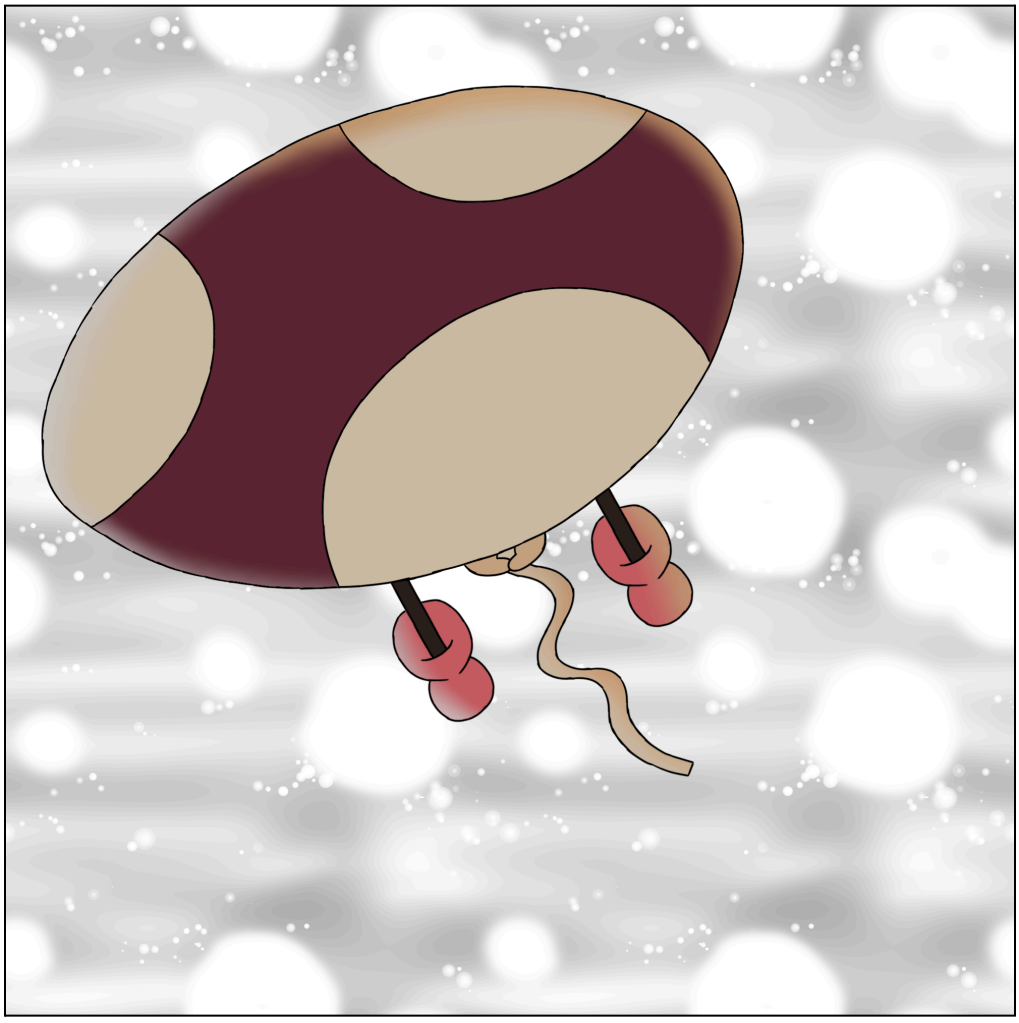
“It was rainin’ caterpillar buses” she laughed about. As I prepared to bury her alive, I noticed that the holy soil I handed over was pure sand. It all turned out to be one big joke made to see if I was willin’ to become the new guardian of the churchyard. I wasn’t aware of such a position to begin with. When I asked if Fantasma was the guardian, Venus certainly did nodded.



I was thus ready to leave. That is until I was given the mushroom hourglass a memento to remember this day by. I played one more game of hopscotch back to the cottage I belonged to, but not before I noticed the beautiful glow the mushroom hourglass had. It didn’t help matters that Venus thought I was a mythical ghost-like monster who took people away from their homes..

#39

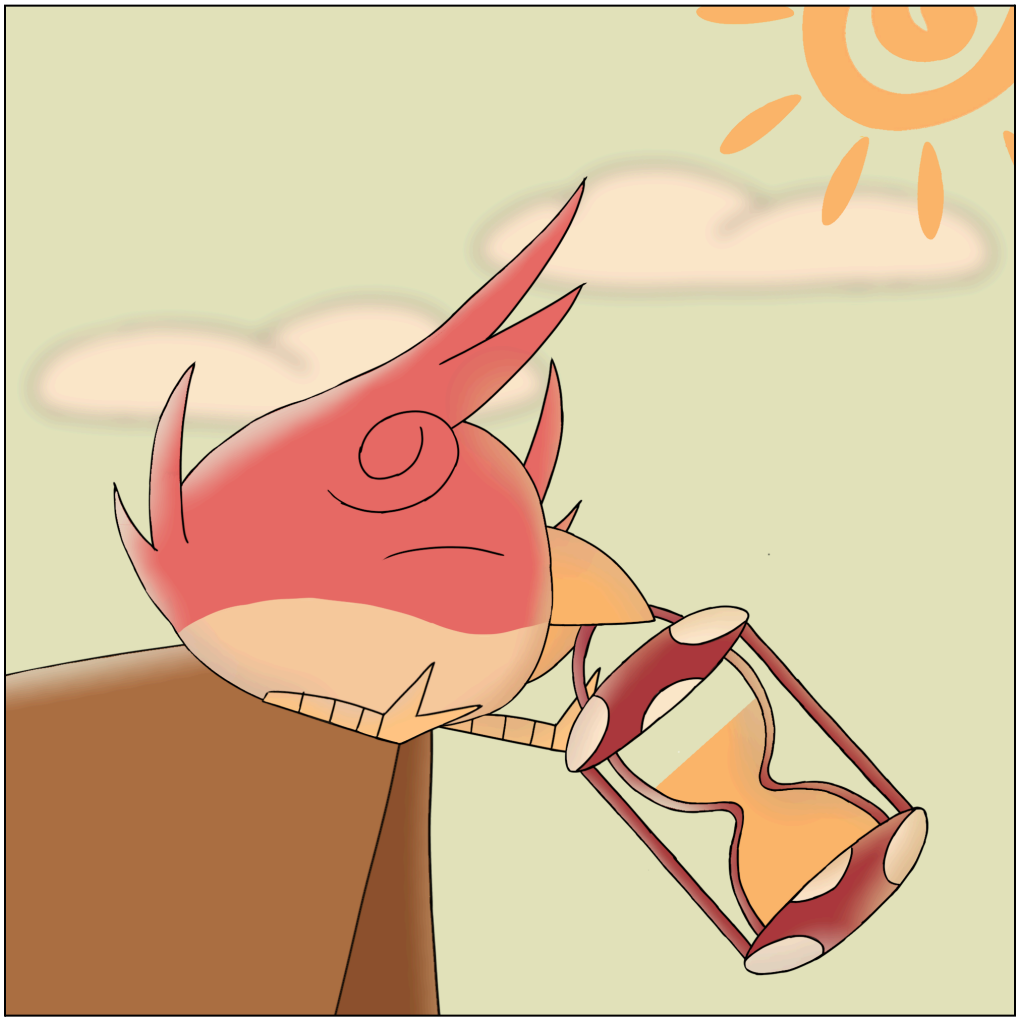
When I came back home, my grandmother had been asleep the whole time. The table reminded me of a sweet chocolatier responsible for syrupy material for pancakes and waffles. Inside the bathroom, the cotton in my ears were just fluffs of pillows, to the smallest extent. Gettin' prepared to have Carmine rest in his bird cage, but he was already well rested anyway.



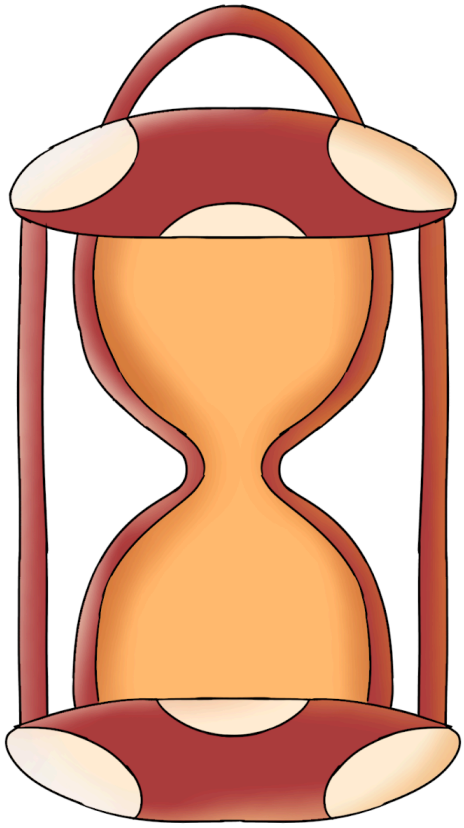
Not me, however. I made one more balloon, in the form of a mushroom hourglass, where I allowed it to fly away, in the hopes that someone may see it. I hung onto to experience the thrill of the air. I got far into the skies of the night, almost beyond the town. I couldn't help but have a smile. It's goin' to have a great life on it's own. That makes me more than happier. It's gleeful.

#40

When I fell down, I had no fear to consider. Bounces of mushrooms delighted me. I was so thrilled to be this content that huge injuries weren't on my mind. As I sought out to play one more game of hopscotch by myself, I didn't want to think of anythin' else. Atop the roof, a quiet sleep will always be there for me anywhere. A game of hopscotch bounced mushrooms can't.



Things around here are nothin' peculiar if you're only in Miracle Twilight., but it takes a tea party to get me interested to come back inside. There's so much wonder in our world that it's hard to get mad that we don't know all of it. Over the radio, they announced that it's lookin' like there'll be clear skies this mornin', with a chance of snow tomorrow. I think I'll wait until then



IF YOU LIKED
"COCOFOLK AND THE MUSHROOM HOURGLASS"
MAKE SURE TO LOOK OUT FOR...

EVER WANTED TO KNOW YOURSELF?

Ivan

THE PANTOMIME SHOWBIZ

THE WORLD WANTED TO SEE HER.
SO DID ANOTHER.

AUTUMN 2026

FUNTASTIC STUDIOS

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